Watson's Magazine

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—One of the Twins. Democrats in power.

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS—Thos. E. Watson:

THE STRANGE AND TRAGIC FATE OF MEXICO. (Chap. II.) ---------- 297

ITALIAN POPE'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS ---- 309

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS ---------- 323

THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN A FREE COUNTRY ---------- Col. Archie C. Fisk ---------- 317

FRIEND (A Poem) ---------- John Joseph Scott ---------- 320

SOME NEW LIGHTS ON THE CIVIL WAR ---------- Alice Louise Lytle ---------- 321

DEPENDENCE (A Poem) ---------- Ralph M. Thomson ---------- 322

REMEMBER, DEAR (A Poem) ---------- Earl Evans ---------- 348

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ONE OF THE TWINS. DEMOCRATS IN POWER.

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THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Strange and Tragic Fate of Mexico

CHAPTER II.

IN his lectures on Literature, Thomas Carlyle says—

"Alexander the Great was not greater than Cortez."

Spanish romance captured the good sense of a great thinker, when the author of *Sartor Resartus* blundered into a statement like that. Carlyle had no great admiration for George Washington, against whom he threatened to write a book, with the intent "to take George down, a peg or two;" and I never heard of his eulogizing Simon Bolivar, Hidalgo, or Jaurez; but he frankly ranked Cortez with one of the three colossi, whose achievements tower above those of all other men.

It is a wonderful thing to me how the prosaic 19th century could produce two such men—neighbors, too, you might say—as Thomas Carlyle and John Henry Newman. Carlyle doubted nearly everything, and was a sour skeptic of nearly all human greatness; yet he accepted Cortez as a prodigy.

Newman doubted everything until he drifted into a church which believes the unbelievable; and then he published a book to inform mankind he had no doubt whatever that marble statues often smiled, and wept, and nodded their heads. His reasoning was, substantially, that it is no harder to believe in animated stone-work, than it is to believe in some of the miracles narrated in the Bible!

Thus by different routes, two English doubters of the last century, reached the point of accepting the incredible—Newman, in theology; and Carlyle, in history.

Yet, there are certain prominent facts that stand out undeniably in the career of Cortez. First, he never did anything remarkable before the conquest of Mexico; second, he did not establish any new and permanent institutions in the country which he subdued; third, there is nothing to prove that any other vulgar marauder—such as Pizarro, Alvarado, De Soto, or Henry Morgan—could not have done what Cortez accomplished; and fourth, after his complete failure in the California and Central American invasions, he sank back into the commonplace from which his one bold venture had lifted him.

It is evident that, even among the Spaniards of that day, there were some clear-sighted individuals who had not been duped by the romances of Cortez and his zealous chaplain; for we are told that on a certain occasion when the boastful Conqueror was speaking contemptuously of the failure of the Spaniards to capture a small Moorish fortress, and was bragging about the ease with which *he* could do the business, if he had some of his Mexican-conquest veterans with him, he was answered scornfully by a Spanish grandee—

"The Moors are not naked Indians, such as *you* fought, in Mexico."

(Bancroft: Popular History of Mexico: p. 200.)

A far more brilliant feat than that

of Cortez, was the Norman conquest of Sicily, where a handful of adventurers threw themselves against the valiant mail-clad Moslems, beat them down, and erected a splendid State, which was the luminous point in Medieval civilization.

Almost within our own times, we have seen a few Englishmen, under Clive and Hastings, subdue an empire that really was as magnificent as Cortez painted Mexico, peopled by hordes of Indians that really were as numerous as the fancied Aztecs.

Men like Clive, Hastings, Rhodes, Robert Guiscard, William the Conqueror, Bruce, and Cromwell were constructive and statesmanly. They founded institutions, built States, legislated, and wrought toward a definite purpose whose general aim was the betterment of human conditions. Even the negro, Toussaint, merits honorable mention in the roll of strong men who toiled for the benefit of his fellows.

But no such praise can be given Cortez. From first to last, he was a pirate, a marauder. He destroyed and enslaved. He did not found either a State, or a civilization. He merely fastened a hateful and crushing foreign yoke upon a weak and helpless race. His statesmanship never rose above an intelligent division of the spoils among his fierce, cruel, and ravenous buccaneers. The lawlessness, the lies, the hypocrisies, the treacheries, the awful butcheries, that marked his career, and the fearful misery into which he plunged the Mexicans in his sordid lust for gold, must forever excite the loathing of men who are not dazzled by the halo which his priest-eulogists have thrown over this Holy War, where the Virgin aided the Spaniards to overcome a gorgeous empire of cannibals, the Chosen People of a peculiarly horrid Devil.

The Aztecs of Mexico were probably of the same great family as the Pacific Coast Indians. The milder climate and the vast areas of treeless wastes, naturally turned them to more peaceful pursuits, and a more settled habit of existence.

Instead of temporary encampments made of poles and boughs, or of the tent which could be moved from one hunting-ground to another, the Aztecs, like their California brethren, built villages of sun-dried brick. Instead of depending on the hunter and the fisherman, they cultivated corn and vegetables.

When they first wandered into the lower valley of Mexico, they may have found it somewhat like the Everglades of Florida. On the islands of the dreary waste of salt marsh, they built their huts, much as the Seminoles used to do. These almost inaccessible islands in the marsh attracted the Indians, for they were not only safe from sudden surprise and attack, but afforded great advantages in fishing and hunting. Any one who is familiar with the early conditions in the Everglades of Florida will realize at once how simple and satisfying is this theory of Aztec settlement of the valley of Mexico. Everybody will be struck by its similarity to the manner in which Venice came to be founded.

The causeways which figure so largely in the Spanish narratives, were probably no more than narrow dykes thrown up through the marsh, for the sake of safe passage into the villages, when the waters rose in the surrounding lagoons. The canals of which the Spaniards speak, may have been the ditches made in the process of throwing out the muck upon the dykes. The Indians had urgent need of paths elevated above high-water, but they had no real need for canals. In all of my reading about American native races, I have no recollection of a single instance of canalling—not even of *drainage* by ditches. Apparently, the Indians were perfectly satisfied with the Great

Spirit's laying out of his water-courses; and wherever they found a stream that suited them, they camped on it; and one that did not suit, they left right where they found it.

With trails and paths, necessity made a different law; and the Indian trail rarely left the line of the least resistance and of the greatest safety. To reach their rude, adobe Venice, in the recesses of the lagoons, they threw up mud banks; and of course there was left, on each side of the dyke, a narrow channel of water, several feet deep, capable of bearing light bark canoes. Because of the frequent flooding of the marsh by the water from the lagoons, there were cuts, or sluices, in these dykes, to prevent their being washed away. Across these openings, frail bridges were thrown. Thus the Indians had a continuous route, by land and by water.

When we read of the magnificent cities of these people, we must try to adjust our minds to facts which are known to ourselves; and, by these facts, we must test the stories told by the Spaniards.

We *know* that the North American Indian never built a city, a palace, or a temple; and we know that, with the exception of those who have become degraded through the use of whiskey, the red men are practically the same that they were in the days of Miles Standish, Peter Stuyvesant and Captain John Smith.

We know that the Arabs of the desert are today about the same they were in the time of Abraham. We know that the Moors, who conquered Spain, and built the glorious palaces and temples that are marvels to the 20th century, are recognizable still, as the Moors of old, brave to the point of recklessness even now, when brought over to France and sent in headlong charges against the German trenches.

They do not now rear such mosques as those at Seville and Cordova, nor do they build such palaces as the Alhambra; but they do continue to erect mosques and palaces, of stone and marble; and they still possess a thorough knowledge of agriculture, including the irrigated farm.

The last vestige of the Moorish empire in Spain was swept away, before Cortez left Spain; and ever since then, Morocco and the Moors have been on a decline. Nevertheless, the decadent civilization which remains to them, bears the exactest resemblance to the glory that departed—the one being a shadow of the other. Four hundred years have not annihilated the racial characteristics of the Moor, nor have they materially changed the *character* of his architecture, his agriculture, his commerce, or his manufactures.

How, then, can you account for the total disappearance of the art-work, manufactures, agricultural wealth, palatial elegance, and temple grandeurs which Cortez described?

There is only one possible explanation: *they never existed.* The Indians were robbed of all their stores of gold, and were put into enforced labor to produce more; and this annual treasure, pouring into Spain's almost empty coffers, was accepted as sufficient evidence of Mexican magnificence.

The first gift from Montezuma of the helmetful of grain gold, aroused the inextinguishable cupidity of the buccaneers; and the thousands of poor peons who afterwards slaved their lives away at the mines, furnished Charles V. and Philip II. the sinews of war against the "heretics" of Holland, of Germany, and of England. As long as the Church and State in Spain drew royal revenues from the Mexican mines, neither the Church nor the State cared how many fables the buccaneers told, or how many crimes they committed.

The amazing thing is, that so many historians who know what the Mexican Indian of today is, can believe that his

ancestors were capable of the stupendous works attributed to them by Cortez. No historian believes that any other branch of the Indian race ever did these marvellous things, but all historians have been childishly credulous concerning the Indians of Mexico.

In Athens, there is standing the Parthenon. erected long before the Christian era; and while it is a ruin, we know that it was perfect in its strength and beauty, until the disciples of Mahomet made it a powder magazine, and a disciple of Christ, throwing a bomb into it, blew it up, *in the seventeenth century*. Therefore, we know that the Grecian temple had withstood the ravages of 2000 years; and that its pathetic remnants are yet towering in the hill, near where Paul preached the new Gospel.

We know that at Rome, there are the remains of the original wall built when the Eternal City was founded; and that the tombs and walls of the Etrurians, 3,000 years old, are in Italy, to be seen of all travellers. We know that Palmyra, and Carthage, and Baalbec, and Egypt lure the tourists and scientists from every part of the civilized world, to admire or to study the monuments of a past so remote that it seems like the beginning of Time.

But it has only been a scant 400 years since Mexico, as we are told, was a miracle of splendor and development—crowded with architectural marvels surpassing anything that Europe contained, and rivalling the wildest stories of the gorgeous Orient.

Even so recent an American author as H. H. Bancroft, (1887) who lived in California and knew the Pacific Indians well, goes into an opium dream about the Aztec empire of Mexico. In reading his description of the imperial palaces, temples and gardens, one feels that the Arabian Nights have come again; and the amused reader finds himself wondering why some historians did not write novels.

On page 48 of his *Popular History of the Mexican People*, Mr. Bancroft revels in a description of Montezuma's "principal palace." It was certainly a marvel of Indian taste, wealth, and genius.

The Emperor Nero's golden house was hardly more elaborate. The palace of the Grand Monarch at Versailles was no match to it. The Escorial in Spain was shabby in comparison.

Montezuma's "principal palace," we are assured, was built of huge blocks of stone. One of its halls could comfortably hold 3,000 persons. On the terrace roof, thirty cavaliers could gallop, and practise the spear exercise!

There were more than 100 marble baths, with (I suppose) hot and cold water, crash towels, and the latest thing in aromatic soaps. The floors and ceilings were of marble, porphyry, jasper, obsidian, and a white tecali resembling alabaster. Lofty columns of these same imperishable materials upheld balconies and porticos. The most exquisite tapestries decorated the walls. Golden censers throughout the halls and corridors gave a soft, rich glow to the interior of the luxurious palace; and in the censers precious spices were burned, to fill the imperial abode with sweet smells. Outside this elysian palace, were elysian gardens, where fountains plashed and flowers bloomed and birds sang and breezes swooned with perfume, and swans and other geese spent a most delicious existence.

Mr. Bancroft naively tells us, that "here Montezuma passed much of his time, musing on affairs of State, or diverting his mind, while seated in the shade, amid the plashing of fountains and the odor of flowers."

Mr. Bancroft in describing the sacred palace of Quetzalcoatl, surpasses himself. He says that one of the halls was ceiled with panels of delicately chased gold; another, with Emeralds and Turquoises; another, with plates of silver; and the fourth, with red jasper.

Bancroft says that the Indian "nobles" who thronged the halls of Montezuma, spoke "in low tones," being subdued no doubt by the superhuman splendors of the palace.

Montezuma, we are told, always took his meals alone; and if the weather was cold, his immense hall was warmed by a fire of charcoal, which gave out a delicious perfume, but no smoke; and to protect Montezuma from the heat of this miraculous charcoal, a screen of gold was placed between himself and the smokeless charcoal.

Dinner, with Montezuma, was a prodigious affair, consisting of 300 dishes.—some say 3,000—all borne by beautiful pages of noble lineage, "who placed their burdens on the matted floor and retired noiselessly."

"Everything being in readiness, a number of beautiful women entered," to help the mighty monarch wash his hands for dinner. This having been done, the beautiful women also retired noiselessly.

Then the monarch at length condescended to begin to eat; and while he was doing so, it was the duty of jugglers, tumblers, jesters and sportive dwarfs to amuse him.

Montezuma never drank anything stronger than chocolate, which perhaps accounts for his comprehensive feebleness. But Bancroft says the Indian monarch sipped his beverage of chocolate from a spoon of gold, a detail of importance when you consider that no human being has ever seen a gold spoon made by a Mexican Indian.

After the monarch had finished his solitary meal of from 300 to 3,000 dishes, the beautiful women again came softly upon the scene, to again assist Montezuma in washing his hands, from which fact I conclude that his majesty ate with his fingers. The beautiful women then again retired noiselessly.

Having laved and wiped his hands, the monarch naturally called for his pipe, which was made of gilt, and filled with tobacco and liquid amber.

Having finished his post-prandial smoke, Montezuma naturally felt drowsy, and according to Bancroft, "he took his seista."

Why couldn't such moderns as Bancroft, Prescott and Sir Arthur Helps recognize in all these Spanish fables *an attempt to create another Moorish empire*, an attempt to picture Mexico City as another Cordova, Bagdad, or Granada?

The manners described, are *Oriental;* the parks, gardens, fountains, baths, censers, perfumes, carpetings and curtains, are *oriental;* the palatial interior finish and decorations, are *oriental;* the menial service and court etiquette, are *oriental.* The only wonder is that the imaginative monks who wrote those fairy tales did not introduce Persian love songs, Nautch dance-girls; the lute, the zither and the tambourine, together with the pashalic habit of tossing the handkerchief to the favored houri of the harem, who was thus chosen to bear company to the voluptuous Indian monarch during the amorous night. Perhaps, the monks *did* write something of that sort, and the seven censorial Inquisitors in Spain blue-pencilled it, to avoid scandal. If so, these prudish censors sadly marred the symmetry of Montezuma's oriental court.

If it is worth while to write Mexican history at all, it is surely worth while to go about the business sanely. If it is worth while to read Mexican history at all, it is surely worth while to follow a story which a man of ordinary experience and intelligence can believe.

Now, I believe that *you* want to read *that* kind of a story, and it is my purpose to write it for you.

First of all, I am going to ask you whether you can pin your faith to the Spanish account of vast palaces of stone, ceiled with the hardest marbles

known to man, when those same Spaniards tell you that the Indians of Mexico knew nothing whatever of the use of *iron?*

These monkish writers innocently furnish the internal evidence which convicts them of fiction.

They describe stupendous buildings, made out of the hardest and heaviest materials; they embellish the interiors with such adamantine marbles as jasper and porphyry and red sandstone; they surround these buildings with the finest land-scape gardening; they pave the court yards with mosaic designs of colored stones; and, in the midst of the court yards, they place plashing fountains—and in the very next breath they tell you that the Indians had no *tool, implement or weapon made of metal!*

There wasn't a steel drill, chisel, knife, axe, or even a crow-bar, in all Mexico! The only ropes they had, were made of deer's hair and cotton strings: the only spades they had were made of wood. They had no domestic beasts of burden, and therefore no vehicles of any description. They knew nothing of blasting, for they had never even heard of gunpowder. The very swords with which they fought, were made of wood. Their war-shields were made of reed-cane covered with hide. They planted corn and beans with a stick; and, excepting corn and beans, they planted almost nothing. They relied upon nature to supply them with the products of the maguey plant, bananas, cacoa, and pepper; they caught fish and they hunted game; they used the eggs of the alligator, the turtle and the birds; they even used for food the spawn of frogs and a certain species of fly.

Yet, the very men who give us these credible details of Indian life, ask us to believe that men who fought with wooden swords, and farmed with wooden implements, reared palaces and temples that might have sunk Belshazzar into despair, and given the Queen of Palmyra deep pangs of hopeless envy!

William H. Prescott—a sane American of the 19th century—suggests that the Indians did their marvellous work in hard stone and marble, with tools made of *obsidian!*

As an edge for a wooden sword, or as a point for a cane spear, the lava-glass known as obsidian, was undoubtedly effective. But even when used in that simple manner, it broke off after one or two blows, and had to be renewed. Like any other kind of broken glass, it had sharp edges; but like all other kinds of glass, it was brittle. How could Mr. Prescott have believed for one moment that marble could be quarried, blocked out, and polished *with glass?* The idea is too absurd for consideration.

The Indians had no engineering means for transporting masses of building material, nor of hoisting huge squares of stone into place; much less did they know anything about piping water down mountain sides into the cup-like valley of Mexico, and sending it throughout the city to fill bath-rooms in palaces, and play from the jets of fountains, in court-yards and parks.

When Prescott, Bancroft, Helps and others admit that the breast-plate with which the noble Aztec warrior defended his manly breast, was a cotton quilt; and that his spear was like a fishing pole cut in a cane-brake; and that his buckler consisted of raw-hide; and that his falchion was similar to the wooden swords we boys used to drill with, at school—when they tell us that much about the warrior-class of Mexico, we can believe it; but it utterly destroys our belief in those porphyry palaces, inlaid with Emeralds and Turquoises.

When we picture to ourselves, in our own minds, the military array of the Montezumas, each warrior bravely protected by his bed-quilt, and defying

the foe with fishing poles and wooden swords, warding off steel weapons and leaden bullets with shields made of rabbit-skins and reed-cane—we cease to wonder at the victories of Cortez. We cease, also, to have any respect for such historians as Prescott, Helps and Hubert Howe Bancroft.

The Reverend Doctor James Robertson was a Presbyterian preacher, of Scotland, who gave many years of his life to the writing of history. His *Life of Charles V.* is considered a standard work. But in dealing with American affairs, he fell by the wayside in a truly lamentable manner. He had never seen an Indian, and he did not have the historic imagination which turns dry facts into living figures. Besides, he was one of the scholars who would rather believe an ancient manuscript than to credit the evidence of his own eyes. He was like the Antiquary in Scott's novel, who vividly and exultantly claimed to have found the traces of an old Roman encampment in the almost obliterated ridge along a filled-in modern ditch. If any Eddie Ochiltree had come along and told Dr. Robertson that *his* Roman encampments were modern trenches, his chagrin would have been at least equal to the mortification of Scott's Antiquary.

Dr. Robertson's lack of imagination and his ignorance of Indian character, is shown in his statement that the Iroquois Indians *ate human flesh.* They had a saying—which the African tribes also used—when speaking of another tribe whom they meant to attack, "*Let us go and eat them up!*"

I heard a furiously enraged Scandinavian use that very phrase to a Georgian, in Forida, a few years ago. The caretaker on my place had struck the Northman a hard blow in the face, and the Northman, not beng quite ready for the desperate fight that was ready for him, left the premises, flinging his arms wildly and crying out, hoarsely, "When you come out to Lauderdale, I'll eat you up!"

The Scandinavian and the Iroquois and the Africans merely hit upon the same expressive phrase, which had no reference to cannibalism.

The Scotch preacher, Dr. Robertson, claims to have spent seven years collecting the materials for the history of Mexico; and he himself reveals the startling fact that he rejected the most valuable! He says that he talked with men who had long lived in Mexico, and who had visited all parts of it, and who assured him, *that there was not, in the entire country, a single vestige of architecture older than the Cortez Conquest!*

Yet, Dr. Robertson rejected this trustworthy evidence, the evidence of disinterested and impartial witnesses, and deiberately went to covering Mexico with an impossible elaboration of imperishable monuments!

Why did he do so? Because he placed more confidence in musty old monkish manuscripts than he did in the testimony of gentlemen of the highest characer—it being the peculiarity of some historians to prefer romantic lies to prosaic truths.

And the path which Dr. Robertson blazed with such a total disregard of actual physical conditions in Mexico, the later historians followed. Not until Albert Gallatin exposed the fraudulent character of the "picture writings," and Lewis Cass brought his knowledge of Indians to bear upon the monkish tales, did sober thinkers begin to realize how the world had been imposed on by vainglorious conquerors and a censored Inquisitorial literature. Thinkers could not escape the conclusion that 400 years are too short a time to account for the complete disappearance of edifices which were described as rivals to the Pantheon, Westminster Abbey, Notre Dame at Paris, the Milan Cathedral, the mosques at Seville and Cordova, the Castle at Edinburgh,

the palace-castle at Windsor, the Tower of London—and other grand old buildings, some of which were venerable at the time of the Cortez Conquest, and which, still standing in all their magnificence, seem good for another thousand years.

There being no ruins of any such architecture, it was evident that no such architecture had ever existed.

The only travelers who have fancied they found remnants of Indian architecture in Mexico, were those who did not recognize the Phœnician character of the ruins.

Those historians who echoed the monkish chronicles were doubtless influenced by the fact that the evidence all pointed in one general direction. While the Spanish writers differed vastly as to details, they agreed in the main. Cortez was a soldier of the Cross, waging a war against heathen, idolaters, and man eaters. His banner was blessed of the Virgin, his victories were for the good of the State and the glory of the Church. The Saints fought on his side, and worked miracles in his behalf. He was triumphantly completing the work which the Apostle Thomas had left unfinished — the Apostle having been baffled by the wiles of the peculiarly ingenious Mexican Devil.

In rough outline, *that* was the story of the Spanish manuscripts which Robertson, Prescott, Helps and Hugh Bancroft considered so precious. They found no manuscripts which exposed all this huge fabric of boasting, fiction, imposture. But how could they have expected to find any such exposure? What was the censorship intended to do? Was not *suppression* and *suggestion*, the very reasons of its existence?

Where there is freedom of printing, many men may tell many different tales; but where there is a censorship, not only rigid but murderous, many men will tell the same tale, if they tell one at all.

As I have already said, the Roman Catholc Inquisition supervised all printing, and seven censors—each acting independently—had to give a manuscript the official o. k. of the Church and the State, before it could be published. By the law of 1558, the penalty for buying, or selling, keeping, or reading a book prohibited by the Catholic church, *was death and confiscation.*

(See the Catholic author Llorente, *Secretary of the Inquisition*, p. 44.)

Under such a terrible system, literature was not likely to develop independent thinkers and writers, who would attack the Mexican stories sanctioned by the Inquisition, and who would thus court a speedy death by torture and fire. Such a skeptic and iconoclast would have added just one figure to the 3,564 Spaniards who were condemned and burnt by that Catholic hero, Cardinal Ximines, during the eleven years he represented God, the Pope, and the Emperor in Spain. (*Llorente*, page 35.)

So far as we can form an idea of the Mexican Indians and their system of things, at the time of the Conquest, it is this: They had clung to their tribal divisions, and customs, but had grown effeminate on account of the ease with which life was supported by the spontaneous products of the soil. In a tropical climate, they found themselves supplied with tropical fruits and vegetables, and at their hand was an abundance of game and fish. Life was easy and, naturally, the Indians must have increased rapidly in numbers. Hardly any clothing was strictly necessary, and it is doubtful whether the common people wore anything more than the loin strips. They probably prepared their loaf of bread pretty much as they do now; and the tortilla and frijole of today are perhaps the

same that Montezuma's people lived on. The cotton cloth which the Spaniards made such a marvel of, was the web of bark, from which the sap had been carefully pressed out, after the primitive fashion practised at this day by the Indians of the Amazon, and by the negroes of the upper Nile!

After the web had been cleared of sap and had been carefully dried in the sun, it was painted with the gaudy colors so dear to the savage heart; or it was worked with beads and feathers into a beautiful robe, not nearly so wonderful and valuable as the Navajo blanket.

Like all other American Indians, the Aztecs held their land in common. But a plot of ground planted by one, remained his while in his use, and the crop made on it, was his individual property.

In like manner, when he built an adobe hut, it did not belong to everybody, but to the builders. Thus, as I have so often pointed out to our Socialist friends, property *begins in labor*, not in capital.

The individual laborer, demanding that what he produces shall be his, *becomes the founder of private property.*

When you read of the Emperor Montezuma and of the "halls of the Montezumas," your imagination of course gets to work, and you have a mental vision of Nebuchadnezzar and his prodigious palace on the Euphrates. I must earnestly beseech you to put that vision out of your head. Let us leave Prescott and Bancroft to wander around with Aladdin's lamp, creating creations that never were created outside the Arabian Nights.

Let us get down to the prosaic reality, that Montezuma was the elected chief, or sachem, of an Indian confederacy which was certainly not more extensive and powerful than that of the Iroquois. You must remember that according to such high authorities as Morgan and Wilson, the Six Nations of the Iroquois League ruled the upper part of the continent from the Saint Lawrence River to the Tennessee, and from New England to the Mississippi. The head chief of the Northern League was probably a more formidable power than Montezuma, not only in personal prowess, but in military resources.

Be this as it may, Montezuma was not an *emperor*, at all: he was the elected head man of a tribal confederacy. Consequently, his wofully weak character made the Spanish Conquest possible, when a similar enterprise of 500 adventurers, if launched against the Iroquois League, or the Creek Confederacy, or the Sioux and Apaches of the plains, would have ended in disaster, similar to that which overtook De Soto.

Montezuma was probably never more powerful than were the head sachems of our tribal confederates; and it is doubtful whether he ever sent to battle more warriors than came to the call of Tecumseh, Black Hawk, Osceola, and Sitting Bull.

But the confederacy over which he ruled had made wars upon neighboring tribes, after the immemorial custom of Indians. Just as New York savages waged distant campaigns against the Tuscaroras of the Carolinas, and just as the Hurons were at deadly feud with the Iroquois, so the Aztecs had made bitter enemies of the Coast tribes, by raids upon their tribal lands and property.

It was therefore a divided Mexico against which Cortez came, in the winter of 1518.

In order that we may get our bearings, let us see who the Spanish leader was, and what were his military advantages.

Herando Cortez was a Castilian of good family, a young man whose career in the college of Salamanca gave no promise of future glory, and whose escapades with the ladies of light virtue

differed in no material degree from those of other gallant Spaniards of the day. Lured by the extravagant tales of the New World, and fired by the natural adventurousness of youth, Cortez went to Cuba, where he was given land and Indian slaves by Velasquez, the governor.

The relations between these two men soon became so hostile, that Valesquez flung Cortez into prison, evidently, with the intention of having him put to death. By some means, not satisfactorily explained, Cortez got out; and he made his peace with the governor—so thoroughly, that the sober priest, Gomora, who tells the story, says they were found sleeping in the same bed!

Velasquez had sent some vessels down the Southern coast to spy out the land, and to discover whatever there might be in those regions—in the shape of men and gold and silver and precious things, generally—awaiting the advent of Spanish Christians who were ardent in the pursuit of heathen converts and richer earthly possessions.

Grijalva and Alvarado had been leading spirits on this voyage of discovery; and Alvarado had returned, laden with enough crude gold to inflame Spanish cupidity, and with enough malice to turn Velasquez against his own nephew, Grijalva.

Another expedition was decided on, and Cortez was chosen to command it. Why not *Alvarado?* Possibly, because Governor Velasquez had slept with Cortez as long as either could stand it; and they resolved to separate by mutual consent, lest one should fraternally kill the other.

It was an open secret that Valesquez was glad to see Cortez sail away from Santiago; and the Spanish writers insinuate that the governor hoped Cortez would never be heard of any more. It was November 18th, 1518, when the little fleet sailed out of the Cuban harbor.

There were 618 soldiers, sailors, officers and pilots. There were 32 crossbowmen among these soldiers, who shot the steel bolts used in mediæval warfare. There were only 13 soldiers who had fire-locks, the clumsey old muskets whose powder-pans were ignited by matches. The other infantry were armed with spears and swords.

The artillery consisted of 10 "large guns," and 4 falconets. The cannon of that day was not mounted on wheels: it was a single piece of wrought iron or brass, weighing about 500 pounds, and throwing a ball of from 3 to 5 pounds. The falconet was a smaller cannon whose ball was from 1 to 3 pounds. The range of this ordnance was a few hundred yards. The guns were toted by 200 Indians who were pressed into the service.

The cavalry of Cortez consisted originally of 16 horses; but the Mexicans soon killed one, and therefore the squadrons with which he charged and scattered armies ranging from 50,000 to 150,000 men, consisted of just 15 cavalrymen.

Sir Arthur Helps slightly varies the statement of the Cortez forces, saying:

"The armament consisted of 550 Spaniards, two or three hundred Indians, some few negroes, and twelve or fifteen horses, and, for artillery, ten brass guns and some falconets."

(See H. H. Bancroft's *Popular History of the Mexican People*, p. 152. Also, Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. I., p. 188. Helps *Spanish Conquest*, Vol. II., p. 180.)

I am particular in describing the cannon of Cortez—which Prescott says consisted of 10 "heavy guns" and 4 falconets—in order that you may judge for yourself whether those little bombards could have utterly destroyed all those Chinese walls, those Babylonian palaces, those Moorish temples, those porphyry and alabaster pyramids, &c., &c., which Prescott and others dote on.

Those little falconets and cannon, *which the Indians toted around on*

their shoulders, obliterated every vestige of the most stupendous architectural development that ever was seen—by vivid imagination.

If you will use your common sense, you will convince yourself at once that if Mexico had possessed a particle of the grandeur of temple and palace and fortress and protecting wall, described by Cortez, it would have been utterly impossible for him to have swept it off the earth.

When Cortez reached the mouth of the Tobasco river, his landing was opposed by the Indians. The Spanish writers say there were 12,000 of the Mexicans, and that in the terrible combat which ensued, Cortez lost one of his shoes. Not a horse was killed, only fourteen Spaniards claimed to have been hurt, and not one of them was slain. Yet, as they had rowed ashore, one boat-load after another, the 12,000 Indians had had an excellent opportunity to massacre them with arrows, spears and clubs. Where 500 white men were separated into small groups, in separate little boats, and were wading through the water from the boats to the beach, it would seem that an army of 12,000 enemies might have beat them off with sticks and stones. But the Virgin was battling miraculously for these Christian invaders, and their victory was so easy that they only slew eighteen of the heathen. Therefore the army of 12,000 got off light.

With our knowledge of the size of Indian villages, and the number of warriors which any village, suddenly attacked, could put into the field, you may be inclined to think that the invaders had nothing more serious to overcome, than the disorderly opposition of a couple of hundred naked, and almost unarmed natives. The Mexicans of the Coast had no organization capable of bringing together a large array of warriors.

After this brush with the natives, Cortez sent two parties of 100 men each into the country to explore the regions round about. After marching four miles, one of these parties got into a fight with the Indians, and fell back upon the main body; and, all of the Spaniards being again united, they defeated another huge army of the heathen. This time, two Spaniards were slain, and the Indians lost fifteen of their mighty host.

Cortez at length landed his cavalry. The sixteen horses came ashore, bravely caparisoned. In the midst of the little patches of beans which the natives cultivated with their poor implements of wood and stone, an army of 150,000 rose up to confront the Christians. But the 500 Spaniards, helped by ten of the horses—and always by the Virgin—swept these Indian hosts away like so much chaff.

Gomora, the chaplain of Cortez, declared that Saint James appeared on the side of the Spaniards, riding on a gray horse, and that his supernatural valor won the day. Those who can believe that 150,000 Indian warriors ever fought together on this continent, may place the utmost confidence in Saint James and his gray horse.

The Tobasco tribe was cowed by these repeated defeats, to which the fire-arms and the horses had mightily contributed, and they sued for peace. As a conciliatory offering, they sent to the invaders a gift of twenty Indian women. Cortez had the gift baptized in due form, and then distributed among his officers. One of these women, named Marina, seems to have been shared by Cortez and Puerto Carrero, but the child she afterwards bore was said to have been the son of Cortez—who finaly gave her in marriage to Juan Javamilla. Marina herself, was not of the Tobasco race, but was a captive and slave: hence, she may have hated them. At any rate, she became attached to her new masters, remained faithful to them, and was of

great service to them as an interpreter, and spy.

Taking to his ships again, Cortez continued his voyage, and landed, without opposition, on the shore where now stands the City of Vera Cruz. The chief of the local tribe visited Cortez, and they exchanged presents, the Indians giving gold, and the Spaniards, glass beads.

Cortez announced to the Mexicans that he was the ambassador of the Emperor Charles V.—the mightiest of earthly monarchs—who had heard of Montezuma's renown, and had sent Cortez to visit him, and to deliver to him rich presents and a friendly message.

After all, Montezuma *did* finally consent to receive Cortez, *on the hospitable footing of an ambassador!* Thereby, he lost his wife, and the Mexicans, their independence.

It is true that Cortez had some fierce skirmishes with the war parties of Tlascala, absurdly called "armies" by the Spanish romancers; and it is true that he had struck terror into Montezuma by his cold-blooded and most fiendish massacre of the unarmed and unsuspecting Cholulans; but the undeniable fact remains, that Montezuma and his people received the Spaniards with open arms and a royal welcome, *as the peaceful embassy of a friendly foreign power!*

No amount of romancing could hide the great and eternally disgraceful truth, that when Cortez suddenly seized the person of Montezuma, in Mexico City, and held him a prisoner, it was the unspeakabe baseness of the guest who betrays hospitality, and causes the murder of the host—a depth of perfidy to which no savage Arab, Hottentot, Goth, Vandal, Teuton, or naked Red Man, ever sank.

Let us examine a few of the stories which Cortez sent to Spain, regarding his prodigies of valor.

He says that Tlascala was protected by a stone wall nine feet high, and twenty-five feet thick, and that he entered where the semicircles of this wall overlapped. He says that he was first attacked by an army of 6,000 Indians; then by an army of 100,000, on one day; and on the next, by 149,000. If you can believe that there ever was seen on this continent an army of 149,000 Indians, you have no right to doubt that it was crushed by 500 white men and 15 horses, aided by one Saint, riding a fleabitten gray.

Of the capital of the "province" of Tlascala, the imaginative Cortez writes home to Spain, "It is larger than Granada, and much stronger, and contains as many fine houses, and a much larger population than that city did at the time of its capture."

Granada at the time of its capture (1492) contained a population of 200,000, and hundreds of the most magnificent palaces, some of which exist at this day. The Alhambra enjoys almost as much celebrity as the Taj Mahal. You can go to Spain and see those glorious buildings reared by the Moors, and now used by the Spaniards; and if you can believe that the Indians of America ever reared structures finer and more numerous than those, you have no right to doubt that they melted away and completely dsappeared, as a maledictory result of a heretic casting doubt upon the veracity of a devout Catholic historian.

Cora Hayward Crawford in her book, "The Land of the Montezumas," (1889) appears to have been puzzled to account for the total obliteration of the glorious civilization around which Cortez, Gomora, and Prescott had thrown such a fascination. She did not go deeply into the matter, but her book proves that she was mystified and skeptical.

Of the chief centre of Toltec civilization, she says, "There is at present little evidence of the early importance

of Tula. Only a few ruins remain on the neighboring hills. *These resemble the Zuni ruins in Arizona.*" (Italics mine.)

That simple statement of an honest traveller, illumines the whole subject. The only ruins that have ever been found of the pretended splendors of Mexican civilization, resemble the ruins of the adobe pueblas of Arizona. And that's all they ever were. The "cities" of Cortez, were collections of huts, built of sun-dried bricks; and the gorgeous palaces which he said were finer than those of Granada, were nothing in the world but the family dwellings of Zuni Indians, where each group had its own rooms, and each story of the house was reached by an outside ladder!

The Italian Pope's Campaign Against the Constitutional Rights of American Citizens.

IN the softest way of the pussy-footer, Cardinal Gibbons has already established three Roman Catholic national functions.

One of these is, the Pan-American Thanksgiving, in which those South American countries *which do not tolerate any other public worship but that of the Italian pope*, are intensely gratified by the sight of the officials of our Protestant Government bending reverently, in St. Patrick's church, while the man in the chemise and the petticoat creates his God out of a piece of wheat bread.

Another function is, "Cardinal's Day," on which the Prince of Baltimore rides to Washington City in his private car—*free*, of course—and receives the homage of his Roman Catholic subjects, supplemented by the congratulatory attendance of the officials of the U. S. Government. Cardinal Gibbons invites those Supreme judges, those Cabinet officers, those Army and Naval officers, those Senators and Congressmen, *not as individuals*, but as official representatives of the Republic.

His purpose in both these national functions is, to make it appear to the other Nations of earth that the United States gives official sanction, preference, *and union*, to the church of the Italian pope.

Do you suppose for a moment that Champ Clark, the Campbellite, would be invited to Cardinal's Day, and to the Pan-American God-making, if he were not *Speaker of the House?*

And has Champ Clark, *as Speaker of the House*, any right to do homage to an American "prince," *the subject of a foreign potentate?*

Do you suppose for a moment that Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia would have been invited to "Cardinal's Day," if he had been nothing more than a damage-case lawyer of Atlanta? Don't you know he was invited by Cardinal Gibbons because he is *a Senator?* And did Senator Smith have a right, *in his official character*, to attend that Catholic function, and pay homage to the Prince of Baltimore, a subject of the Italian pope?

"Resist the beginnings," says the ancient maxim. Can we not recognize the sly hand of Rome, and the far-seeing purposes of the Jesuits, in quietly—almost without causing a ripple on the

surface—establishing these two official functions at the national capital, *and commanding the official attendance and reverence of your Protestant Government?*

The third national function is, the Columbus Day, already adopted by twenty-four States which did not realize how adroitly Rome was pussy-footing. Columbus has been dead nearly 400 years, and the Catholics are just now finding it out. They have no Columbus Day in Genoa, where Columbus is said to have been born. They have no Columbus Day in Spain, to whose empire he added so vastly. They have no Columbus Day in Italy, whose pope claimed everything that was "discovered;" and usurped the authority to divide the entire New World between Spain and Portugal.

Why, then, do they claim a Columbus Day in this country? Columbus never touched these shores, and never knew of their existence. He sailed West to go East; and he believed that he had reached China, when he stumbled upon the Bahamas and the West Indies. He died in profound ignorance of North America.

If we are to celebrate any discovery day, it ought to be in honor of the Cabots, or of the Northmen who reached the continent a thousand years ago, and planted settlements.

But the American subjects of the Italian pope, wanted a festal day, such as they have in Roman Catholic lands, on which they can take possession of the streets, close up the shops, suspend all business, and parade around with their banners, and images, and petticoated convent-keepers, insolently displaying their military power and their war-like equipment, to the exultation of incipient traitors, and to the disgust and alarm of all patriotic Americans.

But this is not all, though it is a sinister beginning—an insidious insertion of the thin edge of the wedge. Violating the spirit of our Constitution, if not the letter of it, they have demanded that our Government receive *an Ambassador from the Italian pope*, and our Government has yielded to the demand.

Prior to 1870, the pope was the king of Italy, a temporal ruler, like the king of Prussia, the czar of Russia, and the sultan of Turkey: therefore, our Government could have legally received an envoy from the pope, *as monarch of Italy.*

But since 1870, the Catholics of that long oppressed country have been liberated from the crushing yoke of papal government. They have ruled themselves, with the ballot and through their parliaments, utterly rejecting the pope's pretensions to temporal power. *The king of Italy himself, does not send and receive papal ambassadors.* But we do—why?

The French republic scornfully refuses—even in the stress of this terrible war—to send and receive papal ambassadors. *But we do—WHY?*

The American prelates softly tell us that the pope's power is only spiritual. What business, then, has our Government to be honoring this John Bonzano, the ambassador of a spiritual sovereignty? Under what clause of the Constitution does the Federal Government take jurisdiction over spiritual matters? Under what theory of civil government does our President hold official relations with the ambassador of a religious organization? *How does our Federal Government come to be in official touch with the pope of Rome?*

The whole status is unlawful, *and it is dangerous.* It was never known, until the time of President Cleveland. Before that era, whenever this Government sent an envoy to the pope, it was to him in his capacity of *temporal ruler of a foreign kingdom.* Remember the distinction, for it is vital. The Romanists, as usual, are digging up the precedents of papal envoys, for the purpose of paving the way for others,

but the circumstances are altogether different. Prior to 1870, the Italian popes *were kings*—and the worst kings that Europe ever saw. Since 1870, the pope has been a spiritual impostor, upholding, *by means of deadly secret societies*, the image worship and pagan ceremonies which are such a travesty upon the simple Christianity of the primitive church, and such a flagrant insult to common sense. The ignorant woolly heads of Darkest Africa make their own gods and bow down to them, *but do not eat them*: the Romanists not only make their own gods, and bow down to them, *but eat them.*

Naturally, it requires separate education, secret processes, widely ramified secret societies, *and powerful motives*, to maintain such a ludicrous, yet hideous system, in this age of many-sided progress. The powerful motive is, *the stupendous sums of money that the Roman priesthood derives from papal merchandise*—an organized commercializing of everything that pertains to religion and the salvation of the souls of men, a systematized sale of exemptions from hell, releases from an imaginary purgatory, and "absolution" permits to heaven. It is a sordid system of money-making which rifles the graves to get human bones to sell; which turns the cistern and the fountain into gold mines by the manufacture of "holy water;" which creates an imaginary Saint, *to occupy the place of every ancient pagan deity*, and sells the phantom faves of these phantom Saints to groveling dupes; which imparts imaginary qualities to numberless trinkets and gewgaws, and then sells the wares in the unlimited market of superstition; which impudently asserts its exclusive possession of the keys of supernatural worlds and then uses the keys to unlock the cash-drawers of this prosaic earth.

Motive? Why, it is the most powerful trinity of motives that can organize mankind, and keep it organized, for the organization gives to it the most luxurious living, the most privileged aristocracy that ever weilded the subtle influences of a religious caste, *the unlimited secret use of the most beautiful women*, and a complete exemption from the burdens of lay citizenship. Wealth, Power, Privilege—and Women! *What pagan priesthood ever demanded more, and got more?*

But in addition to having compelled our Government to connect itself officially with the Italian popes, the Catholic lobby at Washington has succeeded in establishing permanent relations with the national treasury.

Never a Congress expires that does not lavish public money on the pope's charitable institutions in Washington, and on his Indian schools, in which his teachers wear their religious garb and practically teach the pope's religion. Never a Congress can come and go, without the pope's lobby clamoring for more chaplains and more authority to compel non-Catholics to surrender their religious freedom.

In the Army and Navy, religious liberty has already been stamped out by the Catholic chaplains. Cardinal Gibbons, and his lobbyist, O'Hearn—backed by the ubiquitous and inevitable Tumulty—compelled this Democratic administration to raise the chaplains to the rank of officers: therefore, as a matter of military discipline, the soldiers and sailors are forced to attend the monkey mummeries of papal worship.

How many times during all the years that Catholicism was silently importing Romanists from Ireland, Italy, Poland, and Hungary—how many times did the pope's high-priests assure the American people that the "Holy Father" fairly doted on America, and upon the American principles of civil and religious liberty? How many times has Cardinal Gibbons softly piped that tune, in public talks, and in published articles? How often have such Catholic orators

as Burke Cochran loudly protested his devotion to our Constitutional principles, and claimed papal credit for *Magna Charta?* Only a few years ago, Prince James of Baltimore had an article in The North American Review, in which he roundly declared that there was not a single provision in the Constitution which the Catholics would change, if they could! What an artful old liar, is Prince James, to be sure.

In his book, *Faith of our Fathers*, Cardinal Gibbons alludes to *Magna Charta* as "the greatest bulwark of civil liberty, the foundation of constitutional freedom;" and he asks, with sublime effrontery, "Who were the framers of this memorable charter?"

Prince James answers his own question by saying, "Archbishop Langton, of Canterbury, and the Catholic barons." Thus does Prince James coolly appropriate to Roman Catholicism the establishment of English liberties.

His royal highness, Prince James of Baltimore, innocently omitted a few particulars which he no doubt considered non-essential and altogether unimportant. One of the trivial details which the Prince restrained himself from mentioning was, that *Magna Charta* is nothing more than a reassertion of the ancient Saxon liberties, *which the "Catholic barons" of Normandy had suppressed.*

Cardinal Gibbons knows full well that William the Conqueror made his bargain with the pope before he invaded England, and that this Catholic duke of Normandy used the papal device on his banners when he conquered the English and despoiled them of their lands and liberties. (In like manner another pope sold Ireland to another conqueror, Henry II. of England.)

Another trifling detail which Cardinal Gibbons forbore to mention was, that the tyrannical King John, and the feudal barons who supported him, *were Catholics.*

Another omitted triviality is, that the pope was so incensed by the patriotic conduct of "Stephen Langton and the Catholic barons," that *he disgraced the Archbishop, and excomunicated the barons.* Don't you wonder why Prince Truthful James, of Baltimore, neglected a detail of that sort?

But he omitted another, to-wit: *that the wrathful pope laid his curse upon "the greatest bulwark of civil liberty."* The papal anathema not only fell upon Langton and the rebellious "Catholic barons," but the pope released King John from his oath and from his bond —the oath to abide by *Magna Charta*, and the bond that he would keep faith.

Who speaks for Roman Catholicism? According to Truthful James of Baltimore, *the pope's voice is not the voice of the church.* What law binds Roman Catholicism? According to Truthful James of Baltimore, *the Canon law of Rome does not bind the church*, for that law stands today where it always has stood, *in deadly, irreconcileable antagonism to the principles of Magna Charta.* Truthful James is a typical Jesuit, and he is never so sweetly unctious as when he is cajoling and gulling non-Catholics with glossy lies.

In his Pan-American banquet speech last year, he told the sapient William J. Bryan, and the other governmental officials who were there to render homage to the papacy, *that the Roman church heartily favored separation of Church and State.* Truthful James knew, as well as he knows anything, that the Italian pope had recently excommunicated every prelate who acquiesced in the separation of Church and State in France. One of those Catholics whom the pope cursed and turned adrift was Bishop Vilatte of Paris, who is living in Chicago, at this moment.

What can you do with Romanist dignitaries who feel privileged to deceive the American people *with such deliberate and calculted falsehoods?*

The Canon law of the Roman church savagely denounces separation of Church and State, just as it vents maledictions upon freedom of conscience, of speech, of press, of worship, and of political action—and just as it condemns those civil powers that would seek to liberate the women who are kept under lock and key, behind barred windows, and dungeon-like walls, by these sensual priests of Rome.

When Cardinal Gibbons tells Bryan and other officials, that Romanism heartily favors the very things which are hotly condemned in the fundamental and unchangeable law of Romanism, what can be the Gibbons object, if not to lull and deceive?

But the Vatican and its American satellites have been able to do another great work for the Roman system. They have been able to compel two Presidents, *of opposing politics*, to put a veto upon the law-making branch of our Government, in the matter of Immigration. They have been able in each instance to interpose *the will of one man*, to defeat the will of an overwhelming majority of the people's representatives. They have been able to control Wilson, the Democrat, with the same ease that they controlled Taft, the Republican. They have been able to prevent the Congress of the United States from carrying out the wishes of the American people.

A torrent of pauperism and illiteracy pours into this country from Catholic Southern Europe, cheapening the price of American labor, lengthening the bread lines of the large cities, crowding the loathsome tenements, overflowing the mines and mills, and adding enormously to the vice and the crime that are driving this Republic hellward. Those human hordes do not become assimilated with our population. They do not imbibe Americanism. They do not learn our language, and they do not give a thought for our institutions. Their children are separated by the priests into the pope's own parochial schools, where they learn hatred of "heretics," and servility to the foreign potentate whom they are being trained to serve.

The immigrants themselves are herded off, by the Catholic Colonization Society, into separate Catholic colonies, where none but Catholics are permitted to settle.

Thus, *papal islands*, as it were, *are rising throughout the ocean of American life;* and in each of these papal islands, the Italian pope and his law are supreme.

Year after year adds to the number of these papal islands, their population and their wealth. The open door of Immigration is the Pass of Thermopylæ which patriotism should guard with its Spartan band, against this invading host of European idolaters.

The American people have demanded that it be guarded, and Congress has tried to obey; but the White House, with the Jesuit Tumulty on duty for the pope, has balked Congress, and defied the will of the people.

Great is Tumulty, the Jesuit and Knight of Columbus: he seems to wind Wilson around his finger; and after prevailing upon the President to act *in opposition to the views expressed in the Woodrow Wilson books*, he is able to go to the other end of the Avenue, and *change* the votes of such Congressmen as Bartlett and Park of Georgia.

How?

It would seem that the Vatican might ease up awhile, and rest on its laurels. It has gained so immensely since Cleveland's era, that even a rapacious papacy might well afford to wait, be patient, and be conciliatory. It has the Chief Justiceship of the highest court in the Republic: it has an acting President in the White House. It has established three national Catholic functions; and it has entrapped the Federal Government into the unlawful Pan-American Union.

It has captured the Government Printing Office entirely, and the Knight of Columbus, who is in charge, has carried out the pledge contained in that alleged oath, by discharging Protestant employees. It has captured three-fourths of all patronage in the Departments at Washington; and the few Protestants who work there know that they are spied upon systematically by the Catholics.

They have compelled the railroads to haul their priests, and their nuns, and their chapel-cars free of charge. They have got control of nearly half of the Army and Navy, through their unlawful chapel at West Point, and their successful demand for officer-chaplains in the service. They have so terrorized our daily papers that not one of them dares to print the truth about the causes of the Mexican revolution, or about such papal crimes as the cowardly assassination of William Black by the Knights of Columbus. They have piously filched from doped Americans hundreds of millions of dollars, invested in the choicest realty, and exempt from taxation. They have legalized the process by which their sweat-shops are supplied with Protestant slave labor, furnished by the so-called Juvenile Courts. They have imprisoned for life 56,000 American women, under the pretense that those women are ravenously fond of confinement; and *they bitterly resent the proposition that the States shall open those prison doors, and ask those women whether they want their freedom.*

Wouldn't you think that even so avaricious a potentate as the Italian pope might be content with all this accumulation of wealth, privilege, and power—content for a little while?

But he isn't. The more he gets, the more he wants. While a papal object remains unattained, nothing has been done. Consequently, we have a papal campaign under way to establish a censorship of the press, in the interest of Roman Catholicism. They want to go back to the Middle Ages, as nearly as possible, and to enjoy the privilege of shielding from criticism the most hateful and ruinous system that ever cursed the human race.

James Gallivan, of Massachusetts, is the renegade Congressman who has proposed that the Postmaster General shall be vested with dictatorial power to throw out of the mails, any book, paper, magazine, picture, or anything else, *that "reflects on" popery.* It is a shameful thing that any Congressional Committee should have been seriously considering a bill which proposes to do the very thing which the Constitution says Congress shall not do. Our fundamental, organic law distinctly deprives Congress of the right to pass any law abridging the freedom of the press; yet a Committee of Congress, *with a majority of Democrats on it*, has been seriously debating and considering a law which would completely destroy the freedom of the press, *and thus give perfect protection to any kind of papal outrage.*

If Congress were to violate the Constitution, in the way that Fitzgerald and Gallivan propose, almost the whole mass of Protestant literature would be unmailable. The prose works of John Milton, and of Dante, would be outlawed. Under the proposed laws of Fitzgerald and Gallivan, the *Notes from Italy*, of Charles Dickens would be under the ban, and so would be the *Castilian Days* of our late illustrious Secretary of State, John Hay. The standard histories of England, Ireland, and of the Continental Europe would all go by the board, for they "reflect on" Roman Catholicism, *terribly.* Bishop Burnett would have to vacate, Buchanan would disappear, Buckle and Lecky and Gibbon, and Guizot and Martin Hume. and Symonds and Hallam and Froude and Ranke and Schiller, and pretty nearly all the others that are worth reading, would have to quit;

and we would all go back to the perusal of the Lives of the Saints, and the history of Gregory of Tours, and dope our docile minds on marvels, miracles, and the red dragons that devour wicked people who eat meat on Friday.

Lord! What glorious literature and lovely conditions we would have, if the good old Middle Ages could return, and put a nice new papal bridle and curb-bit on the American press! It would not be long, then, before *we* would see the Virgin appearing to some child, at some place in Louisiana, or Maryland, just as the "Mother of God" has appeared at Gaudaloupe in Mexico, Lourdes in France, and in many other places where Catholicism, ignorance, superstition and priest-power were especially strong.

Under the infamous bill which Gallivan has introduced, and which a Democratic committee is considering, the book written by Gladstone, the great English statesman, on the Vatican decrees of 1870, could not be sent through the United States mails!

Neither could you mail the book of Dr. Josiah Strong, *Our Country;* nor that of the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, *The Papal System;* nor the magnificent work of the Irish Catholic, MacCarthy, *Priests and People in Ireland.*

You could not mail any of the "Lives" of Martin Luther, John Knox, John Calvin, John Wycliffe, John Huss, Savonarola, or Jerome of Prague. You could not even mail the *Life of General Garibaldi*, the Washington of Italy, who led his people out of the intolerable Egypt of priest rule.

You could not mail the *Life of Juarez*, the Mexican Indian, who broke the chains of Rome in our neighboring republic. You could not even mail the works of the illustrious Catholic scholar, Erasmus, for they "reflect" most horribly upon the putrid spots of the Roman system.

Shelley's poems would have to go by freight, and Voltaire could not go at all. Dante's "Divine Comedy" would cease to circulate, for he sends popes to hell. Petrarch, the Gabriel of the Renaissance, would never blow his golden trump again, for he most bitterly denounced the corruptions of the Roman church. An infallible "Christ veiled in the flesh" had raped Petrarch's beautiful sister, and the outraged poet allowed the feelings of a man to overcome the reverence of a papist.

If there were any sincerity in this Catholic crusade against obscene and scurrilous literature, they would not make their attack solely against anti-Catholic publications. If they cared two straws for public and private morals, they would long since have objected to the circulation of the obscene novels of Smollett, Fielding, De Foe, G. P. R .James, Zola, Balzac, De Maupassant, Flaubert, De Kock, Daudet, D'Annunzio, Boccacio, Queen Margaret of Navarre, and a legion of the living purveyors of filth in the so-called "sex" novels that go hand in hand with joy-rides, road-houses, soft-drinks, and assignations.

If these Roman Catholics cared a button for morality, they would do what the Greek Catholics do—*compel their priests to marry*

If these Roman Catholics cared a pinch of snuff for morality, they would do as the Greek Catholics do—*compel their priests to restrain the confessional within decent limits.*

So long as the Gallivans and the Fitzgeralds make no protest against unmarried priests who keep a supply of pretty women walled in and locked up, the Gallivans and Fitzgeralds cannot make anybody believe that they care a continental for morals.

As long as the Gallivans and the Fitzgeralds make no protest against the constant and private use, *by the priests, to the Catholic women*, of language that is so horribly obscene, *that a brothel would not tolerate it*, and the Federal judges will not allow it to

soil their court papers, the Gallivans and Fitzgeralds will never hoodwink anybody by saying that their hostility to anti-Catholic literature is based upon their solicitude for good morals.

The leaders of the Democratic party are strangely blind, if they do not realize what this truckling to a foreign potentate will do to them in the next elections.

Have they learned nothing from the unexpected defeat of Governor Glynn of New York, who is a Knight of Columbus, and who was believed to have been the servile tool of Cardinal Farley and Boss Murphey?

Have they learned nothing from the unexpected defeat of forty-eight Congressmen who had been taking their orders at Washington from Cardinal Gibbons, lobbyist O'Hearn, John Barry, and the supple Private Secretary at the White House?

Is there something in the structure of the Democratic party which renders it incapable of foresight, and of that intuition of popular tendencies which is the necessary element of political success?

Can the Democratic party *never* capture the Government, except by agreeing beforehand, *and in secret*, to do more for Special Privilege, more for the Roman Church, more for the negroes, and more for the pensioners, militarists, and office-holders, than the Republicans were willing to do?

Does the leadership and the statesmanship of the Democratic party consist of a keen desire to wear the other man's wardrobe better than the other man can wear it?

Is the democracy of the Democratic party nothing more than exaggerated praise of Jefferson, accompanied by an exaggerated imitation of Hamilton?

Is it another case of mocking the people and the principles which it pretends to serve?

Is it another case of satirical fawning upon the intended victim, by those who mean to sacrifice it?

Is it another case where the men cry aloud, "Hail! King of the Jews," and spit upon him?

Is it another case where they place a crown upon his head, and make it one of thorns?

Is it another case where they place a sceptre in his hand, the sceptre being a reed?

Good God! Was ever a people so betrayed and mocked and crucified, as our people have been, by this Democratic administration?

Let the Gallivans and the Fitzgeralds go on with their insolent and treasonous crusade against the Constitution of the United States! Let the Democratic leaders continue to do homage to the pope's American magnates: let the President continue to keep Tumulty in evidence: let the Public Printer continue to throw Protestants out of the Government printing office: let the Secretaries of War and of the Navy continue to acquiesce in Romanist suppression of freedom of worship: let Postmaster General Burleson continue to intimate that Congress ought to give him the power to censor the press! Let them keep it up—*and next year they will reap the whirlwind!*

The Right to Live in a Free Country

Col. Archie C. Fisk

I HAVE just been reading a book entitled, "Proudhon and His Bank of the People," being a defense of the great French anarchist, showing the evils of a specie currency, and that interest on capital can and ought to be abolished by a system of free and mutual banking, being a series of newspaper articles written by Charles A. Dana, about the year 1848, and published in the New York Tribune, of which their author was managing editor; and later in "The Spirit of the Age," edited by Rev. William Henry Channing, in August, 1849. These articles were written in protest against criticism that had been passed upon the violence of the revolutionary movement in France.

"Would to God that this hot and bloody struggle were over, and that peace might come at last to the world! And yet I invoke no seeming peace that the weaker may ever anew be plundered, but a peace with Liberty, Equality, an honest man's and not robber's order for its condition.

"What is the way to such a peace? Through war and destruction, through such war as that at Rome, and that in Hungary,—perhaps, too, such as that of June, 1848, in Paris. The history of the past and the examples of the present instruct us that the privileged and powerful, by whatever name they are called, do not yield their privileges except as they are compelled. When will Russia lay aside the pretention to dictate darkness and despotism to Europe? When she is compelled; when will Bourgeoisie consent to live by their own labor and not by the labor of others? When they are compelled. How can that compulsion be exercised? In a free state through the ballot under the independent action of the people under the influence of ideas. How shall States be made free so that ideas and the people may act? Hitherto Providence has freed them by revolution, nor is it apparent that other means are now to be employed It may be that the day of revolutions is past. But, if so, why are they there in such abundance? . . . Let others give aid and comfort to despots. Be it ours to stand for Liberty and Justice, nor fear to lock arms with those who are called hot-heads and demagogues, when the good cause requires."

I give the above as an illustration of how good and great men can be won over from the cause of the people, which is the cause of God, to the advocacy of Mammon, which marked the career of Mr. Dana's later years of his life. I remember him well as the Assistant Secretary of War, under Secretary Stanton, when he came to Chattanooga at the instance of President Lincoln to urge Gen. Grant to hasten the battle of Missionary Ridge, that relief might be hastened to Burnsides' Army, which was surrounded in Knoxville by Gen. Longstreet's command.

We also remember how three gifted and trusted Members of Congress, Senators Sherman and Bayard, and Congressman Hooper, betrayed the American people, when they secretly and stealthily demonstrated silver in the interest of Mammon. And it is a matter of more recent history, when President Cleveland, in 1893, in conjunction with the combined influence of Wall Street, repealed the Act of 1800 which provided for the coinage of $4,500,000 silver dollars monthly, and how many members of both Houses of Congress turned traitors, in that mighty struggle between the money power and the people during the extra session of Con-

gress in the summer of 1893, and how ninety per cent of the American people were financially crippled or completely ruined, that the banks might issue the $54,000,000 of bank bills on which they could draw interest without cost to them, in lieu of that amount being coined for the people free of cost.

The whole mission of Congress seems to be to see how much they can tax the people in the interest of the banks and corporations, which are owned and controlled by the banks. The special privileges which the Government grants to the banks has made them more powerful than the people's government; by usurping the function of Government in issuing the money to themselves as a free gift, they control the blood which gives life to the nation, and every man, woman and child who wishes to live must kiss the hand and bend the knee to their imperial masters.

In the "Real Money" magazine for September, edited by my old army comrade, Col. A. T. Morgan, of Denver, he accuses former Senator T. M. Patterson, owner of the Rocky Mountain "News," of selling out to the Bank of England and the International Banking Trust. Why single out Mr. Patterson? With but very rare exceptions every great daily in the country has done the same thing; the only exception I know of is the Philadelphia "North American." There is but one Member of Congress, Mr. Berger, of Milwaukee, who has had the courage to attack the present banking system. By granting special privileges to the banks Congress has created in this country, task-masters more powerful and more brutal than any king or potentate in any country has dared to exercise in a hundred years.

There are undoubtedly a large majority in Congress who would, if they dared free themselves from their present environments and champion the cause of the people, but they consider their imperial masters more powerful than the people and they desire to retain their places. Until the people shall become sufficiently aroused to elect representatives pledged to abolish the present infamous banking system, we shall have to endure a spineless government.

Not only has this foul atmosphere pervaded the halls of legislation, but the executive and other branches of government. Witness the sale of the old Custom House to the National City Bank in such a manner that the Government practically made that bank a present of that valuable property, worth ten million dollars or more, sold for $3,150,000—$3,100,000 paid by check and immediately deposited by the government in that bank and allowed to remain there. As $50,000 was still due the title remained in the government, which made it exempt from taxation, the government leasing it from the bank until the rents aggregated the purchase price.

The Chief Executive, in 1907, gave the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company merger with the Steel Trust, immunity in order to stay a panic, which was already ended and which was started by the very men who profited by the merger, and to prevent these very men from losing control of the panic, and preventing themselves from becoming involved and perhaps ruined, emptied the peoples' treasury into the vaults of these bankers, and issued one hundred million dollars' worth of government certificates besides. Gary swore that Root, a cabinet minister, engineered the steel merger—incidentally the 1907 panic in addition to the steel merger, was to secure Morse's steamship lines, and to get rid of Morse's and Heinze's independent banks, as the banking combine want the absolute monopoly of saying who may, and who may not, have money. Anyone who opposes their plundering schemes or wishes to construct any industry that would become a competitor of property owned

by the banking trust is barred; they not only want the monopoly of loaning money, but the monopoly of every other activity; in other words they wish to become the sole lords of the realm.

Instead of granting further special privileges to any set of individuals, all special privileges should be abolished.

It is a crime against humanity for this government to grant the governmental function of issuing money to private individuals or corporations, and the people should rebel against any such usurpation of power.

Corporations should be stripped of their powers. The laborers who produce all the wealth, are by these iniquitous laws deprived of everything except the right to live, which is given them for the express purpose of producing more wealth which may be stolen from them by those who enjoy special privileges, granted by the National Government. We give below a list of National Currency Associations organized under the law of 1907:

1. The National Currency Association of Washington, D. C., 11 banks; capital, $5,202,000; surplus, $3,942,000; organized June 18, 1908; organization approved, July 18, 1908; territory included, Washington, D. C.

2. The National Currency Association of the City of New York; 36 banks; capital, $116,252,000; surplus, $122,870,000; organized July 29, 1910; organization approved, July 30, 1910; territory included, the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn, and Richmond of the City of New York and Long Island.

3. The National Currency Association of the City of Philadelphia; 28 banks; capital, $20,825,000; surplus, $33,075,000; organized, July 29, 1910; organization approved, August 9, 1910; territory included, the County of Philadelphia.

4. The National Currency Association of the State of Louisiana; 10 banks; capital, $6,100,000; surplus, $3,840,000; organized, August 4, 1910; organization approved, August 18, 1910; territory included, the State of Louisiana.

5. The National Currency Association of the City of Boston; 15 banks; capital, $18,450,000; surplus, $15,650,000; organized, August 16, 1910; organization approved, Sept. 15, 1910; territory included, the City of Boston.

6. The National Currency Association of Georgia; 26 banks; capital $6,931,000; surplus, $5,082,000; organized, August 18, 1910; organization approved, September 16, 1910; territory included, the State of Georgia.

7. The National Currency Association of the City of Chicago; 11 banks; capital, $41,250,000; surplus, $22,350,000; organized, October 14, 1910; organization approved, October 14, 1910; territory included, the city of Chicago.

8. The National Currency Association of St. Louis; 10 banks; capital, $19,460,000; surplus, $12,105,000; organized, September 13, 1910; organization approved, October 31, 1910; territory included, the City of St. Louis, Mo., and St. Louis County, Mo., City of East St. Louis, Ill., and towns of Granite City and Madison, Ill.

9. The National Currency Association of the Twin Cities, St. Paul, Minn.; 14 banks; capital, $10,650,00; surplus, $9,025,000; organized, October 3 ,1910; organization approved, October 31, 1910; territory included, the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., and the territory contiguous thereto in the State of Minnesota, and the western half of the State of Wisconsin.

10. The National Currency Association of the City of Detroit; 16 banks; capital, $6,725,000; surplus, $2,945,000; organized, Sept. 27, 1910; organization approved, Nov. 28, 1910; territory included, the counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, Jackson, Ingham Livingston, Oakland, Macomb, St. Clair, Lapeer, Genesee, Shiawassee, Saginaw, Bay,

Tuscalo, Sanilac, Huron, State of Michigan.

11. The National Currency Association of Albany, Rensselear and Schenectady counties, 11 banks; capital, $3,560,000; surplus, $3,310,000; organized Sept. 26, 1910; organization approved, Dec. 12, 1910; territory included, the counties of Albany, Rensselaer and Schenectady, of the State of New York.

12. The National Currency Association of Kansas City, and St. Joseph; 10 banks; capital, $5,900,000; surplus, $3,700,000; organized, Nov. 30, 1910; organization approved, Dec. 14, 1910; territory included; Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kans., and St. Joseph, Mo.

13. The National Currency Association of the City of Baltimore, Md.; 19 banks; capital, $13,290,710; surplus, $7,920,010; organized, Oct. 13, 1910; organization approved, Dec. 20, 1910; territory included, the State of Maryland.

14. The National Currency Association of Cincinnati, Ohio; 10 banks; capital, $14,300,000; surplus, $7,400,000; organized, Dec. 13, 1910; organization approved, Dec. 22, 1910; territory included, Cincinnati and Norwood, Ohio.

15. The National Currency Association of Dallas, Tex.; 14 banks; capital, $3,750,000; surplus, $2,437,000; organized, Jan. 5, 1911; organization approved, Jan. 9, 1911; territory included, Counties of Dallas, Ellis, Kaufman, and Collin.

These Associations are authorized by law to issue $500,000,000 bank bills, secured by any old thing which these Associations say is "other security," but whatever that security may be, the public has to take their word for it, and they are drawing interest on this security, the money going to the banks free, the government getting no benefit whatever. Why doesn't the government issue actual legal tender money, and the people get the benefit of it—money that will circulate all over the world, equal to gold or any other money? I will answer my own question. Because the Congress and the Chief Executive of this nation are a lot of pusilanimous scoundrels, owned and controlled by a lot of mercenary bankers. How long will the people submit to this villainous legislation?

Friend

John Joseph Scott

("Our mutual friend, Dr. Ralph M. Thomson, has a birthday in April.")

A friend—and what more could one say of one —
Personifying sweetest mortal traits—
A friend whose motives emulate the sun
Which beams on souls a-dream in vast estates.
His simple pictures, as he treads this sod—
Jewels that glitter from a master's pen—
Have thrilled my heart and touched each slender cord,
When I have strolled the common walks of men.

A friend—and what more could one say of one—
Upon an earth where Greed and Gain are twain?
A friend whose lyric murmurings have spun
The gold of music through life's crimson stain!
A friend until Death calls one back to clay—
One who shall still, through love, with one commune—
Though I may ever wend the unknown way,
And he may live a never dying June.

Some New Lights on the Civil War.

Alice Louise Lytle

UNDER the title of "With Sabre and Scalpel," the Harper Brothers, book publishers of New York City, have issued a book by Dr. John Allen Wyeth, an alumnus of the Universities of Alabama and Maryland, that will be of more than passing interest to the student, and the thinker.

The further we get away from the Civil War, the more we learn of the many causes that went to make up the whole of the reason for its outbreak. It is not to be expected that Northern writers nor the Northern press will ever try to get below the surface of the more familiar phases, and while Dr. Wyeth is a Southern man, he has so well written his story that the Harpers have no hesitancy in producing it and naming it one of the best of its sort, that has been issued.

The South will never be vindicated for taking the stand she did in the late Fifty's and the early Sixty's, but if a few more men of learning, good judgement, balanceed minds, and as thoroughly rounded out in literary sense as Dr. Wyeth, would write books on the line of "With Sabre and Scalpel," there would be no need for the South to ever again explain, argue nor offer excuse for the Civil War.

So very little was known, in the North ,of the actual conditions on the average Southern plantation, and that little was so largely distorted and misrepresented, it is to be hoped the picture Dr. Wyeth paints so effectively in his book will come under the observation of many Northern people, to whom the negro is still an unknown and misunderstood character. It will be learned with amazement by many Northern people that, while slavery had become a fixed institution in the South, it was only because the climate of the North was too severe for the negroes, that they were not also an important industrial factor north of the Mason and Dixon line. In chapter nine, there is a most interesting history of the beginning of that dependence on negro labor, which augured so ill for the South later:

"The introduction of negro chattel slavery in the North American colonies dates from 1619, when a Dutch ship sold to the settlers along the James River, in Virginia, a small cargo of slaves. There followed other consignments, distributed along the Atlantic coast, until by 1700 African slavery existed in all of the thirteen original colonies, these aliens forming then about one-sixteenth of the entire population. Vessels owned chiefly by skippers from New England and New York took up the profitable traffic, with Newport and Bristol, Rhode Island, as the chief ports of distribution in the North, and Charleston and Savannah in the South. Although in the more fertile sections of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey negroes were purchased in considerable numbers by individual owners. . . . . It soon became evident that the rigorous climate of the North was unsuitable to the profiitable employment of a race born and reared under tropical conditions and suddenly subjected to the long winters, the frosts and snows of the North Atlantic colonies.

In the lower temperate zone and nearer the equator in the southern settlements, where a semitropical climate prevailed, profitable employment for negroes was found; and hither, in obedience to the inexorable law of demand and supply, the system of slavery gravitated."

Dr. Wyeth then gives a resume of

the intermittent slavery agitation, which was more or less active until after the Missouri Compromise. He leads to the inception of John Brown's idea for freeing the slaves, and goes into minute detail, which will rob Brown of much of the glamor of the martyr's halo.

"Five of Brown's sons, John, Jason, Owen, Frederick, and Salmon, chips of the old block, able and willing to commit murder and rob defenseless settlers in a new country, squatted on lands in Kansas in the spring of 1855, and here their father joined them in October, 1855. The excitement over the struggle between the proslavery and the free-state partisans in the territory was already great. In all probability the most important factor in finally winning Kansas as a free state was the New England Emigrant Aid Company, chartered in February, 1855. Of this company Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, for whom I believe the city in Kansas is named, was the treasurer, and it was he who paid Brown to go to Kansas to take part in any activities which might require the use of Sharp's rifles, or "Beecher Bibles," as the markings on the boxes specified."

The horrible details of Brown's "plans" for "freeing" the negroes, which were responsible, for the death of many innocent women and children, are given at length.

Other chapters in the book are as interesting as the finished work of the author who understands his subject, always is.

It will clear the South of many aspersions, misunderstandings and more or less slanderous charges, but the South alone will not be benefitted by it.

While not, in any sense, a "great" book, it is a good one and an important one, worth the careful reading of all interested in the most tragic and deplorable chapter in the history of our Nation—that of the "Civil War" period.

Dependence

Ralph M. Thomson

Whatever Fame may have in store,
As I life's fitful course shall run—
However much I may explore
The mountain tops a near the sun,—
Let me not, Lord, despite the sky
Which lures me upward through the maze,
At any moment climb too high
To sing my mother's praise!

Whatever Fortune may elect
To give me on my pilgrimage—
However much I may direct
A prince's or a pauper's wage,—
Regardless of my lofty niche,
Grant me, oh, Master of my wares,
That I may never be too rich
To crave my mother's prayers!

Whatever friendly Time may name
To sweeten my declining days—
However gentle Age may aim
To scatter peace along the ways,—
Forbid, oh, God, though saints untold
Should shower bounties from above,
That I may ever grow too old
To need my mother's love!

Editorial Notes and Clippings

IN some respects, "The Cloister and the Hearth" is the greatest of novels. It is based on historic facts, and gives a vivid picture of medieval times. The home, the court, the army, the highway, the inn, and the church pass in review, leaving upon the mind the feeling that we ourselves have lived amid those people and those scenes.

An eternal sadness attends the book, for it is the old story of romantic love, of cruel fate, of separated lovers, and broken hearts. Then, the child of this tragic half-marriage is lured or forced into the church, which had sacrificed his father and his mother; and the remainder of his life is spent in semi-revolt against the whole system.

Out of his sense of wrong and mental unrest, grew those books which caused the monks to say that Erasmus laid the egg of the Reformation. It so happened that the pope was a voluptuary who cared nothing for religion, and who posed as a patron of literature. A member of the princely Medicean family, he interited the fondness of his father, Lorenzo the Magnificent, for manuscripts, paintings, statuary and, incidentally, "wine, woman and song."

Such a pope as Leo X. was not likely to murder the most brilliant writer of Europe. Besides, mankind was revolting against the monstrosities of popery, and kings were no longer inclined to hold the pope's stirrup and kiss his foot. Therefore, Erasmus plied a busy pen; and what he wrote, all the literary world eagerly read. The monks hated him savagely, because he exposed their vices, their ignorance, their greed for money, and their gross impositions upon the illiterate Catholic laity. But the monks could not burn him, as they had burnt Bruno and Savonarola: consequently, this love-child of the tragedy around which Charles Reade wrote his wonderful Cloister and Hearth, continued to lash the convents, the monasteries, and the shameless commercialism of the Roman Catholic system.

In fact, Erasmus penned such terrible things, *of which he had learned on the inside*, that if he were living in our own day, fanatical traitors like Congressmen John Fitzgerald and James Gallivan, would strive to have the books shut out of the mails.

Those papers which Fitzgerald and Gallivan wish to outlaw, do not go a bit further than Erasmus went. The Menace, and the Yellow Jacket, and The Jeffersonian cannot possibly allege worse things against popery than the greatest thinkers, scholars and Christians of this world have said, in literature that will live forever.

What the Fitzgeralds and the Gallivans want to do is, *to keep the truth away from the people.* They are afraid for American Catholics to learn the hideous facts about such crime-stained organizations as the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. They do not want the Catholic laymen to know what the canon law of popery is, and how completely it antagonizes the fundamental principles upon which our Government is founded. If the priests could have their way, they would do as they did under Bloody Mary, of England, when she re-established the popery her father had overthrown: they would burn the records of popish crimes and depravities, after which they would burn the "heretics."

The satanic satisfaction which the Catholic papers have expressed, over the deliberate and cowardly assassination of William Black, *by the Knights of Columbus*, proves that these American priests are every whit as bloodthirsty as the men who burnt John

Huss, and who urged Charles V. to murder Martin Luther.

Erasmus wrote this—

"In the cloister, rule the seven deadly sins—covetousness, lasciviousness, uncleanliness, hate, envy, idleness and the loathing of the service of God."

Could anything worse be said? Has The Menace said anything worse? Has The Jeffersonian ever flung a more serious charge against the unmarried, red-faced angels of the cloisters?

Erasmus, the brilliant Catholic scholar, wrote and published this—

"A monk's holy obedience consists in —what? In leading an honest, chaste and sober life? Not the least. In acquiring learning, in study and industry? Still less. A monk may be a glutton, a drunkard, a whoremonger, an ignorant, stupid, malignant brute, but he has broken no vow, he is within his holy obedience. He has only to be the slave of a superior, as good for nothing as himself, and he is an excellent brother."

Have I ever brought a more terrible charge against the Roman Catholic system? Has The Menace ever done so?

Erasmus had lived for years inside the monasteries, and he was testifying from his personal knowledge.

And the most damning feature of his accusation is, that the priests and monks can be guilty of all those vices and crimes, without fear of punishment, so long as the criminals act as the slaves of their church superiors.

All those who have written against the Roman system say the same thing; and we have seen it recently exemplified in several cases. The worst of these recent cases is, that of the priest in Massachusetts who seized a Catholic woman, at the altar rail, dragged her into the sacristy, and ravished her.

Cardinal O'Connell has done nothing to punish that brute; Bishop Beaven has done nothing; and the Supreme Court said the Bishop knew this priest to be a libertine at the time he was placed in pastoral charge of the Catholic women of Milford.

Is Cardinal O'Connell afraid of the Bishop and the priest? Do they know as much on him, as he knows on them?

Is Bishop Beaven afraid to proceed against the priest, Petrarca? Does the priest know as much on Beaven, as Beaven knows on him?

It is certainly a monstrous state of affairs, *when a Catholic priest can rape a Catholic woman, in a Catholic church, and nothing be done about it.*

The case bears out everything that Erasmus said; and more than bears out what was said by Blanco White, Charles Chiniquy, John Calvin, John Knox, Count De Lasteyrie, James Anthony Froude, and Lecky.

There is nothing in Maria Monk's book that is worse than what is contained in the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

That decision supports everything contained in the awful book which Anthony Comstock revised and sanctioned for Dr. Justin D. Fulton.

How Anthony Comstock could supervise a book like "Why Priests Should Wed," and then allow himself to be used by the Knights of Columbus in prosecuting me, *on account of a quotation from an approved Catholic book*, I have never been able to understand.

If Congressman James Gallivan is honest in his preaching against "scurrilous" papers, why doesn't he vent some of his zeal in the effort to save other Catholic women from such bishops as Beaven, and such libertine priests as Petrarca?

Why should Gallivan try to suppress Southern newspapers, when his own State of Massachusetts has such an awful Catholic stench in it?

Let me quote one more passage from

Erasmus, whose father died in a cloister:

"The stupid monks say mass as a cobbler makes a shoe. They come to the altar, *reeking from their guilty pleasures.*

Confession with the monks is a cloak to steal people's money, *to rob girls of their virtue, and commit other crimes too horrible to name.*

Yet, these people are the tyrants of Europe. The Pope himself is afraid of them."

Did not Schmidt, the New York priest, go to the altar, reeking from his guilty pleasures with Anna Aumuller, whom he so cruelly deceived and murdered?

Has he been punished? No.

Did not that priest of Iberville, Louisiana, commit with the altar boys crimes too horrible to name?

Has he been punished? No.

Did not King Henry VIII. have the convents and monasteries of England investigated, and did not the Parliamentary commission report the very facts which Erasmus had alleged to exist? *History* answers "Yes"—not The Jeffersonian, or The Menace.

The evidence contained in those official reports was so revolting, so loathsome, that the priests prevailed on Queen Mary to destroy it. But they failed to make a clean sweep; and such historians as Bishop Burnett saved enough of it to make out a case which tallies with the Duke of Tuscany's reports on the Italian convents, and with the Busch reports on German nunneries—and also with the report which the Taft Commission made to President McKinley on Roman Catholic conditions in the Philippine Islands.

(The gist of this Report is contained in one of the books which I prepared a couple of years ago.)

In making these quotations from Erasmus, I have used the "Historical Essays" of the English historian, James Anthony Froude. The paper on Erasmus and Luther consists of three lectures which were delivered at Newcastle in 1867. Any book-dealer will supply you with Froude's "Short Studies of Great Subjects," which also embraces the magnificent treaties on Erasmus and Luther.

I beg you to consider these facts:

(1.) When the Rev. Augustus Barnett of Philadelphia, proposed, two years ago, to lecture on this very subject of Luther, in a Northern city, the Roman priests raised their murderous mobs, and Dr. Barnett was not only in need of police protection in the public hall where he was to speak, but sorely needed it at his home.

(2.) When Rev. Otis L. Spurgeon went to Denver, to deliver lectures on substantially the same lines as those of Froude, he was dragged out of his room at the hotel, forcibly carried twenty miles from the city, was brutally beaten into a state of unconsciousness, and was left lying in the ditch by the roadside.

(3.) When William Black went to Marshall, Texas, and began to deliver lectures on practically the same lines as those which Froude delivered in England, five Knights of Columbus, stirred up by the local priest, way laid Black in the hotel, got into his room as guests, demanded that he surrender his constitutional liberties and leave town; and when he fell back upon his rights as an American citizen, these cowardly villians shot him to death.

One of these detestable assassins belonged to the gang that telegraphed the Italian pope, last year, after the Victoria meeting, "We are prostrate at your feet!"

(4.) If the English historian, James Anthony Froude, were now alive, and should go to Paterson, or Jersey City—in President Wilson's own State—he would not be allowed to deliver his

three lectures on Erasmus and Luther.

If Thomas Carlyle were alive and should come to New York to deliver his lecture on "Jesuitry," the Knights of Columbus would kill him.

Such is the foreign power which we have permitted to intrench itself in this country, and which now feels strong enough to wage war upon Protestantism. The old Jesuit adage is again in practise:

"Gag, where it is possible; and kill, where you cannot gag."

Prof. W. W. Prescott, of The Protestant Magazine, has rendered a good service to the patriots of this traitor-infested country, by preserving the record of the hearing on Gallivan's bill to abolish the freedom of the press.

The following is a part of the hearing before the Committee, while Rev. Dr. W. Russell Collins was arguing against the creation of a censorship of one man over the press.

One of the gentlemen here (Mr. Gallivan) put up the cry that certain literature published in the last campaign had the result of defeating forty-eight Democratic candidates for Congress. I do not know what his argument is, exactly, unless it be that these papers were opposed to the election of those men. I must assume that, as the gentleman declares himself to be a Roman Catholic, they were Roman Catholics also. . . . .

These papers in the last campaign were opposed to the men who were defeated, because those men, by their religious profession, acknowledge that a certain man, who is sovereign of the papal states, is sovereign of the world, and that his sovereignty is greater than that of the United States; and tnere is a fear that their loyalty as representatives of the government of the United States cannot be trusted.

Mr. Gallivan: I wish you would right now name one of those men who made this declaration, that he acknowledged any other sovereign power than the sovereign power of the United States. I wish you would name right now one candidate for Congress, Democrat, Republican, or a member of any other party, who made such a declaration. Name one of them.

Dr. Collins: I would like to ask you if you can give me a declaration of your own religion.

Mr Gallivan: I am a Roman Catholic, and proud of it.

Dr. Collins: Do you not acknowledge that the Pope is the sovereign ruler of heaven, earth, and hell, and all temporalities, as well as spiritualities?

Mr. Gallivan: My answer to this man's question is that he is temporarily insane, or he would not ask me that question.

Dr. Collins: Then, sir, the theology of the Roman Catholic Church is insane, for that is what the theology of the Roman Church teaches.

Mr. Gallivan: The theology of the Roman Catholic Church is not under discussion. I will answer——

The Chairman: (Interposing) You are out of order, Mr. Gallivan, and if you want to ask the gentleman a question, ask him quietly and do not get into a controversy.

Mr. Gallivan: I suppose he is in a controversy.

The Chairman: Both of you are in a controversy.

Mr. Gallivan: I am not in ——

The Chairman: (Interposing) We must have order. The gentleman whose spech was interrupted by Mr. Gallivan and Mr. Gallivan have got into a controversy which is rather unseemly, in my opinion. If Mr. Gallivan wants to ask the gentleman, quietly, any question, he may ask it now, and let the gentleman answer it in a quiet and orderly way.

Mr. Gallivan: I have asked my question. I have asked him to name any one of the candidates for Congress, of any political party, who made the allegation he says these Democratic candidates who were defeated made, and which he says was the cause of their defeat.

Dr. Collins: I have already given my answer, that these men are probably Roman Catholics,—they profess the Roman Catholic religion, and that profession itself constitutes the declaration.

Mr. Fitzgerald: That statement is an absolute, unqualifiedly inaccurate statement.

Dr. Collins: I refer you to Cardinal Gibbons for the answer.

Mr. Fitzgerald: I say that, so that there will not be an opportunity for anybody to think that such a statement as that is correct. I am an American citizen, and I owe allegiance to the government of the United States. I cannot permit this man to publicly assail the integrity and patriotism of

sixteen million men like myself, who under our law follow their own theory and method of religious worship. I wish, without creating any disturbance in the committee room, to be just as emphatic as possible in the statement that as patriotic and loyal men as live anywhere in the United States are to be numbered among those who profess the Roman Catholic faith.

Mr. Maher: The gentleman stated in his early remarks that the three gentlemen in favor of the Fitzgerald bill want to place the power of restriction in case of articles of this kind in the hands of one man. Did he or not hear the three men express themselves in favor of giving every man his day in court?

Dr. Collins: Yes. After this one man has excluded him from the mails. If he is allowed, as under the present law, to go to the court first, I will agree to all that is in the bill. I wish to say to these gentlemen, that personally I have no animus against any member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Dr. Collins went too far in conceding that the Federal Courts ought to have authority to censor the press. I would just as soon have *one* Czar of Russia throwing my letters and papers out of the mail, as to have as many czars as there are U. S. judges.

We cannot afford to have the liberty of the press abridged, at all. We already exclude immoral and obscene matter, and that is going quite far enough, especially as the Catholic priests merely use that statute to persecute publishers who show them up.

To exclude papers, books, pictures, &c., which they consider "scurrilous" and a "reflection" on their monstrous system, would simply destroy the usefulness of Protestant and patriotic literature. If it cannot circulate, it cannot achieve its purpose. If nobody is to be allowed to show up the rottenness of the bachelor priesthood, and the ravenous manner in which they are snatching at money and political power, then our liberties will soon be a thing of the past, and we will slump to the condition of Peru, Mexico, and Central America.

Fitzgerald and Gallivan hotly denied Dr. Collins' statement as to the power claimed by the Italian pope. But it has not been four months since Bishop Keily was publicly using that identical language in the Savannah papers, claiming that the Italian potentate is the Supreme Ruler of the whole world. Cardinal Gibbons has said the same thing, over and over again.

From what source do Fitzgerald and Gallivan derive their idea of the sovereignty claimed by the popes? Have they ever read what the popes themselves say about it? Have they ever read a biography of Gregory VII., or of Boniface VIII.?

Had they not better read the papal decrees on the subject, beginning with the bull, *Unam sanctam?*

Even in the time of Pius IX., (the pope of our Civil War period) the orthodox papal doctrine was expressed in these words—

"Every Catholic, whose actions are ruled by the faith he professes, *is a born enemy of the State*, since he finds himself bound in conscience to contribute as far as in him lies, *to the subjection of all nations and all kings to the Roman Pontiff*."

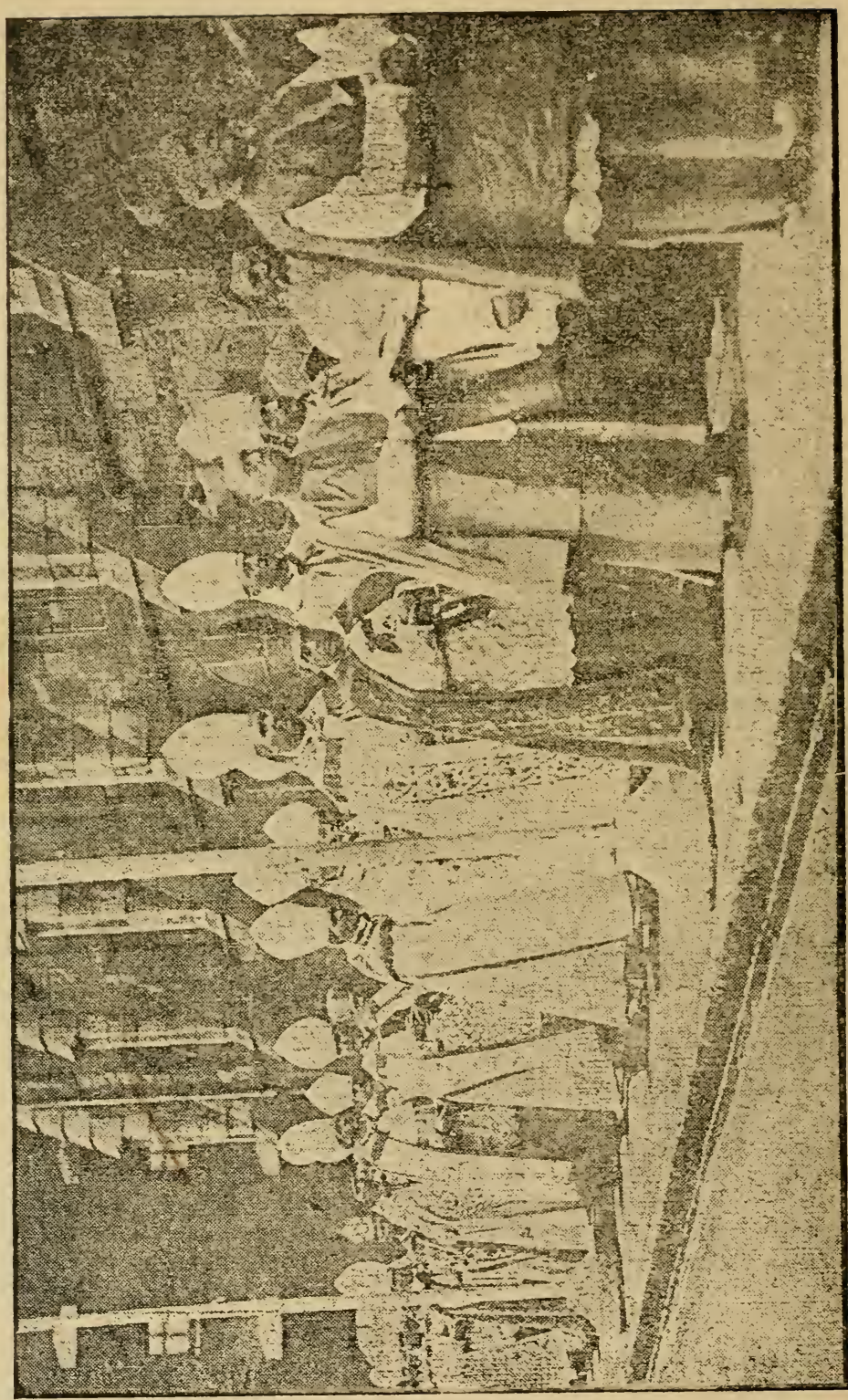
(See Vol. II., page 265, W. Arthur's, "The Pope, the Kings, and the People.")

Have Fitzgerald and Gallivan ever read the laws of popery, set forth in the decrees of the Council of Trent, and in the papal code of Canon law?

Have American Catholic laymen any idea of the terrible principles of tyranny and medieval reaction that are set forth in the Syllabus which Pope Pius IX. formally sanctioned in 1867?

That recent re-publication of Roman Catholic law is in deadly antagonism to the principles of civil and religious liberty, to freedom of press, to popular self-government, and to every other peculiarly American principle.

In attempting to destroy freedom of speech and of the press, the Knights of



THESE ARE THE SUBJECTS OF A FOREIGN POTENTATE, SWORN TO TREASON AND PERSECUTION.

Columbus are endeavoring to enforce this foreign law, made by Italian priests, and kept secret as far as possible from just such laymen as Fitzgerald and Gallivan.

"*CRUSADE AGAINST MORMONISM*, by *The National Reform Association*, (incorporated) James S. Martin, D. D., General Superintendent. 209 Anderson Street, Pittsburgh, Pa."

Such is the heading of a pamphlet which comes to me by mail, accompanied by a letter stating that no religious proscription is contemplated, and that the sole purpose of the Association is "to induce or compel the Mormon Authorities to keep the pledges they made to this country previous to the admission of their territories to statehood."

The program sent forth in the pamplet is as follows:

I. A constitutional amendment to forbid polygamy and polygamous living.

II. A proceeding by the department of justice to force an accounting for the property which was restored to the Mormon Kingdom in trust; and a proceeding to dissolve the Mormon Kingdom property trusteeship as a combination in restraint of trade.

III. An order by the postoffice department withholding the privileges of the mail from the Mormon Kingdom and its responsible officials, so long as they teach the crime of polygamy.

IV. A refusal by each House of Congress to seat any man who pays political allegiance to the Mormon Kingdom or is elected by its power.

V. A refusal by the President to appoint any man to any federal office who pays political allegiance to the Mormon Kingdom.

VI. Political opposition by all Christian patriots to any candidate who is known to be an ally of the Mormon Kingdom in politics or who will not pledge himself to this program.

Reduced to briefer words, the program of the Association contemplates another constitutional amendment, a seizure of Mormon property, a further violation of the Constitution in the freedom of the press, a religious test enforced against the Mormons, and a political union of "all Christian patriots," against one particular sect, who claim to be Christians and patriots.

Furthermore, the Association condenses its platform into three sentences, to-wit—

"We insist that all churches have equal rights in this country.

We insist that the Mormon church shall have no more privileges than any other church in this country.

We insist that the temporal Mormon Kingdom shall cease to exist in this country."

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is a city from which a National Reform Association might very powerfully launch a campaign, if it would first draw a distinction between the evils that afflict Pittsburgh, and the evils that afflict Salt Lake City.

There are no such Steel-mill infernos in Utah, as there are in Pennsylvania.

There are no such underworlds of prostitution in Utah, as there are in Pennsylvania.

There are no such hideous breadlines, and soup kitchens, and reeking tenements, and tramp hotels, and child starvelings in Utah, as there are in Pennsylvania.

There are no Italians and Jews engaged in the regular business of kidnapping Gentile girls and selling them to brothels, as there is in New York and Pennsylvania.

There are no Jew and Gentile beasts who sell helpless white women to negro men, as they do in New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

There are no lecherous Chinamen who traffic in white women, selling them from one to another, as they are doing in all the great cities of the "Christian" East, North and West.

These officers of The National Re-

form Association, living in Pittsburgh, must be familiar with another church, whose history, whose law and constitution, whose wealth and privileges and ambition make it infinitely more dangerous than Mormonism.

Does the National Reform Association know nothing of the Roman Catholic Church?

Does it ever read any of the Roman Catholic papers published in Pittsburgh?

Does it know anything of the enforcement in this country of a law of marriage, *which nullifies American law?*

Does it know of the existence of American organizations that are *bound by oaths of treason to a foreign potentate?*

The Mormon Church *is American* in its origin, its laws, its institutions and its allegiance.

The Mormons do not bring into this country a foreign power, and set it up, in treasonable defiance of the power of the American people.

The Mormons do not take terrible oaths to persecute American citizens whose religion differs from theirs.

The Mormons do not claim the right to have our boys and girls condemned to slavery in their Houses of the Good Shepherd by Juvenile Courts.

The Mormons do not claim that our wives are concubines and our children bastards.

The Mormons do not claim the right to either live with from one to three pretty "housekeepers," or to have free run of cloistered convents where the pretty women are kept for them.

I know of one Romanist of the "Monsignor" degree, who is living, *right now*, with three beautiful young women, that are passed off impudently as his "housekeepers."

Those Pittsburgh reformers can see, in the Catholic *Observer*, published in their own town, advertisements wherein young women advertise for a priest, and priests advertise for women.

The accusation against the Mormons is, that they marry more than one wife, an accusation which—candor compels us to admit—condemns the larger part of the Bible, and casts odium on the earthly lineage of Jesus Christ. The man who was the favorite with Jehovah, "a man after God's own heart," was not only a Mormon on the wife question, but a criminal in his pursuit of Christ's ancestress, the alluring Bathsheba.

The accusation against the Romanists is, that they condone the immorality of their priests, and allow them to live in concubinage with "housekeepers," or enjoy free access to buxom young women who are locked up in the cloistered convents.

Did these Pittsburgh reformers never read the book which was published with the sanction of Saint Anthony Comstock, *Why Priests Should Wed?*

The author was Dr. Justin D. Fulton, of New York, and the Romanists never dared to prosecute him. In his book, he says that in 1866, Pope Pius IX. issued a decree which authorizes the priests and nuns, of approved standing, to live together, as man and wife. The Romanists call this, a "Substitution for Marriage."

Let these Pittsburgh reformers read Dr. Fulton's book, and then decide whether the Mormon system of *plural marriages and acknowledged children*, is better than the Roman system *of licensed concubinage and murdered children.*

The Knights of Columbus, whose record is already stained with so many infamous crimes against the American principles of free speech and free press, have set up an Inquisition, with $50,000 in the treasury, for the purpose of

rendering effective aid to the Italian pope whose recent decree created "a Jesuit assistancy" of the whole United States.

These Italian priests and their American satellites have gone crazy. Nobody has ever interfered with their "religion," and nobody wants to interfere with it; but ever since they uncovered their designs against American liberties and American self-government, there has been a phenomenal increase of hostility to the Roman *system*, which uses religion to control politics.

The New York Congressman, Fitzgerald, told the Committee that there were 16,000,000 *men* who believed just as he did on this matter of chaining the press, *and making the U. S. mails subservient to the Italian pope.*

He lied, of course. There are not 16,000,000 Catholics in this country, even when they count all the babes, all the children, and all the death-bed captives. When they count the dying, and the children—many of whom die, or leave the church—they have only 13,000,000. Of this number, not more than 2,000,000 are men, and many of those cannot vote, cannot read, and cannot speak the English language. There are not more than one million Catholic Americans who are qualified to vote at an election. Yet the Catholic papers and priests make such a tremendous noise, that they frighten the wits out of the average politician and editor.

In the statistics which they publish every year, haven't you noticed that they omit the Southern States? If you have not, notice the fact.

Why do they leave out the South, where Roman Catholicism was first planted?

Because the superstition has not grown.

We have whipped it to a stand still.

To make up for their relative loss among the Southern whites, they are making a desperate effort to capture the negroes.

When the negro priests become numerous, and the white people wake up to what the unmarried, burly, blubber-lipped negro priests mean to white nuns held in dungeons, where no men, save the priests, can enter, there will be stormy times in this country.

The villainous campaign which the Knights of Columbus are waging *against American principles*, has nothing to do with *religion.*

True religion has nothing to fear from free speech and free press.

All the speeches and all the thousands of books that have attacked the Bible, have not harmed the truths that are in it.

All the speeches and all the books against Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c., have not harmed them in the least.

What is it that the Roman Catholics are so afraid of?

What they dread, and what they are trying to head off, is the exposure of *the political nature of their foreign organization*, and the determined purpose of that foreign political organization *to rule America in the name of Religion.*

That's what is the matter with these Fitzgeralds, Gallivans, Tumultys, Knights of Columbus, and other foot-kissers of the Italian pope.

They know that so long as the press is free to expose their treasonous designs against our country, the Catholics can never have any more than they have always had, to-wit—the free exercise of their form of worship.

But they now want more than that, and consequently they demand that free speech and free press be muzzled, in order that their political ambitions can be successfully pushed.

They will never succeed. They may cause a bloody civil war, but they will court extermination when they force us to fight.

Already, they have overleaped them-

selves. They showed those guns and swords, too soon. They began to beat and murder Protestants, too soon.

They began their campaign against the Constitution, too soon. They have shown us what they are up to; and forewarned is forearmed.

We, also, know where to get rifles, and how to use them. And if these Catholic leaders do not draw in their horns, and take their defiling hands off the Ark of the Covenant of our blood-bought liberties, they will be responsible for the Day of Wrath that will sweep them back to the simple exercise of their idolatrous "religion."

LITTLE FLORENCE CLELAND, PROTESTANT MARTYR IN WASHINGTON CITY.

When the Mexican Indian, Juarez, and the humble parish priest, Hidalgo, started the revolution which freed the people from the cruel oppression of the Spanish grandees, and the "princely" portion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the Roman "princes" were enjoying revenues of $50,000,000 a year. They possessed riches which exceeded those of the Montezumas and the Incas.

And every year, they offered up human sacrifices to their God, by murdering Masons, Jews and "heretics.". The torture chambers used by these diabolical papists, are still to be seen: also, the skeletons of victims whom they walled up inside their hells-on-earth.

In 1864, the Italian pope, and the bigoted Empress Eugenie of France pushed the Emperor Napoleon III. into a venture which was the beginning of his downfall. The Mexican high-priests and the Italian prelates, inflamed the minds of the Hapsburghs of Austria with the idea of regaining the throne of Mexico, which Cortez had won for a Hapsburgh.

Americans who remember the Maximilian episode have not always remembered that the Austrian Archduke who came over here with a French army in the Sixties, was a descendant of the Spanish kings who had for so many generations, owned Mexico, and drawn royal revenues from it.

The emperor, Charles V., the patron of Cortez, was a Hapsburgh, and so, of course, was his son, Philip II. of Spain. When we look at an old Mexican coin, and read on it the stamp, "Carolus V.," we perhaps do not connect that Charles with the Charles of the Cortez conquest. But we should, for the Carolus of the silver coin was the descendant of the Emperor of the Conquest.

Now, the Mexican priests whose ill-gotten and enormous booty had been confiscated to the use of the Mexican people, conceived the idea of tempting the Hapsburgh family with the lure of *a re-acquired Mexico.*

The Hapsburgh family had once owned it: why not *again?*

That was the alluring prospect with the "Princes" of the Roman church held out to the Jesuit-ridden members of the Hapsburgh family.

When Napoleon III. was led, or forced into backing the enterprise with French soldiers, it seemed that the Hapsburghs and the Italian popes were certain to re-conquer Mexico.

But after the Civil War had ended, the U. S. Government asserted the Monroe doctrine, and the French troops withdrew—begging Maximilian to come away, as they did.

But the "Princes" of the Roman church overpersuaded him, and he remained. Then his distracted wife, Carlotta, went to Rome and, on her knees, implored Pope Pius IX. to allow her husband to use the church wealth in defense of his throne.

The "Holy Father" coldly refused, and she lost her mind. Her husband lost his life, under a law which the priests had made him sign, and under which many a Mexican patriot was shot like a dog.

Then came Diaz who, in his old age, was controlled by the high-priests that controlled his bigoted wife.

Then came Madero, who was overthrown and murdered, in consequence of the conspiracy of Felix Diaz, General Huerta, the American ambassador, and the "Princes" of the Mexican church.

Archbishop Mora was deep in the plot, and he advanced $10,000,000 to Huerta, while he was murdering every patriot who protested against his crimes.

Archbishop Mora is now in this country, intriguing with Cardinal Gibbons and other Jesuits, in the effort to have President Wilson do substantially what the French Emperor did.

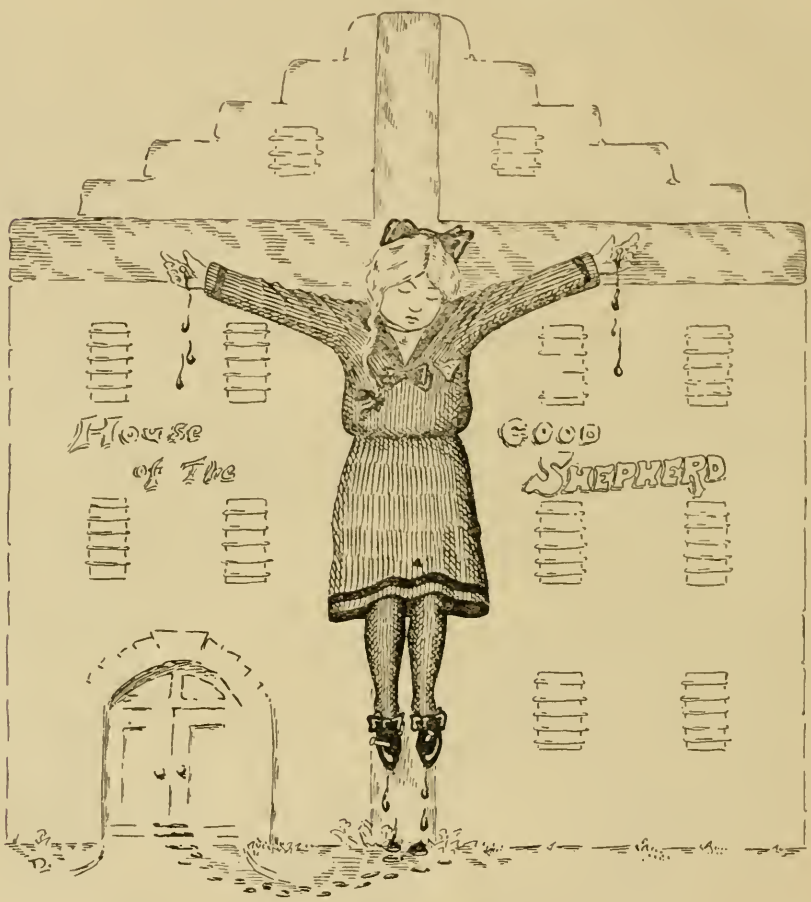
Mora and Gibbons and Blenk and

Tumulty and O'Connell would exult unspeakably, if this Government should send an army to Mexico for the purpose of crushing the patriotic movements, and restoring to these Spanish cormorants their prey.

Of course, the world would be told that President Wilson was sending troops to Mexico "to serve mankind," but every sensible person would know that he was prostituting the soldiers to the use of American corporations, Spanish land barons, and Roman Catholic "princes."

P .H Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky, is at the head of the Inquisition which seeks to destroy freedom of the press.

The Italian papers, published in Italy, can print anything they please about the Italian pope. One of the most "obscene" and "scurrilous," of these Italian papers is, *L'Asino*, published in Rome, right under the pope's nose.



THE MARTYRDOM OF FLORENCE CLELAND.

But these American fanatics and traitors are demanding that no paper, picture, or any other thing shall go through the mails, if it "reflects" on this Italian potentate. In other words, they want the pope to have more power in America than he has in Europe. They want him to have more power

over the U. S. Government than he has over the government where he lives.

Don't you think this foreigner might be satisfied, if we allow him *as much* as the Catholics of his own country allow him?

Why should American Catholics ask more for the Italian pope than the Italian Catholics give him?

P. H. Callahan is the President and principal owner of the Louisville Varnish Company. *He makes his money out of Protestants.* How much longer will he be permitted to wage war upon us, before we strike back?

If the non-Catholics would refuse to patronize any dealer who handles the goods of the Louisville Varnish Co., this detestable persecutor, Callahan, might discontinue his efforts to have the Postmaster General act as a servile agent of the foreigner who claims the right to rule the world.

In fact, the non-Catholics of every city should spot these treasonous Knights of Columbus, and should refuse to trade with the firms they belong to—whether it is a law firm, a bank, a publishing company, a paper, a magazine, a mercantile house, a cotton warehouse, a guano house, or any other.

The boycott is a game that two can play, and it is time for the non-Catholics to teach these popish boycotters a lesson.

Apropos of the pope's effort to control the U. S. mails, and to boycott everything that is "scurrilous," I quote the following from Bishop Canevin's Catholic paper, The Pittsburgh *Observer*:

> That gutter-snipe Methodist prelate, Bishop Burt of Buffalo, in his recent harangue in Detroit, stated that "there are only sixteen per cent Roman Catholics against eighty-four per cent Protestants in this country."

For a Romanist to call a Methodist bishop a "gutter-snipe," is not scurrilous, in the eyes of the Fitzgeralds and Gallivans who seek to Russianize our postal department in the interest of a foreign impostor.

Bishop Burt is a man who believes in marrying and having a family in the Protestant way: he does not believe in confining women for the use of bachelor priests. Consequently, the men who go to the locked up slaves of the cloister, berate the men who sit by the hearth, in company with a loving wife and a group of children.

Bishop Canevin's paper says—

> Among the latest proofs of the anti-Catholic bias of the Associated Press is its profound silence about the result of the libel suit instituted by a Wheeling priest against the filthy anti-Catholic sheet published in Missouri.

I can mention another instance of Associated Press eccentricity.

It was, the refusal to tell the country how the Knights of Columbus murdered William Black, in Marshall, Texas, because he was exercising the rights of Martin Luther, the historian Froude, the historian Carlyle, and other illustrious pope-haters in denouncing the most devilish system that ever opposed the religion of Jesus Christ.

In Bishop Canevin's Pittsburgh Catholic *Observer* is this paragraph:

> **RUNNING SORES OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.**
>
> The vile sheet published in Missouri is a mere incident. But it is typical of anti-American hostility. This hostility is not always open; more often, reptile-like, it sinks its venomous fangs into the body of American liberties with sneaking secrecy. There is hostility more menacing than the sheet named and more unopposed. Let us reckon with it, whatever its nature.
>
> Hostility is many-headed; indifferentism, atheism, Protestantism, capitalism, Socialism and, worst of all, secularism,

voiced most eloquently by the ominous and all but omnipotent silence of the secular press. Possibly there is no "scrap of paper" league between them all, but all of them stand solidly arrayed against the Catholic institutions.

So, the Romanists consider *Protestantism*, a "running sore," "reptile like," and equivalent to "atheism."

The "worst of all" is "secularism," and the public school, where we do not allow the priests to enslave the minds of the young by the paganism which is the deadliest enemy of religion, and of civil liberty.

A TYPICAL CASE.

To illustrate: The public school system of education, elementary, high, college and university, with its state resources and threat to reduce education to a government function.

Is it "scurrilous" to compare Protestant churches to snakes and running sores? Is it a "reflection" on our religion for these devoted serfs of a foreign potentate to compare it to the poisoned fangs of a moccasin?

They are nice fellows to be ranting about "purging the press." The vilest stuff that I ever read, is contained in Roman Catholic papers and books.

That sturdy champion of the rights of American labor, Samuel Gompers, sheds new light on the Immigration bill which the Romanists and the Trusts so bitterly opposed, and which they have forced two Presidents to veto. In the March number of the *American Federationist*, he says—

It is regrettable that President Wilson deemed it necessary to return the Immigration bill to the House of Representatives without his signature. The bill contained most carefully prepared provisions intended to improve greatly the methods employed in the immigration service and also a literacy test for immigrants, which has been repeatedly endorsed as the most effective workable method of protecting our Nation and workers against the number of unassimilable immigrants that have been crowding into our industrial centers.

A reading of the texts of existing law and the immigration bill makes it manifest that the President's objection is directed against existing law rather than the proposed measure, and that if his position is correct his objection can be satisfied only by the repeal of the present immigration law.

However, the existing law specifies that persons seeking a political asylum shall be freely admitted to the United States, and that advocates of anarchism and violence to governments and government officials are debarred. The proposed legislation makes existing provisions more liberal by specifically and clearly defining the nature of the offenses against organized society and its government for which immigrantts may be excluded. After carefully reading those specifications, can there be any reason for holding that political reformers whose purpose was "constitutional agitation for what they conceive to be the natural and inalienable rights of men" will be denied entrance and refuge in our land? There has been a persistent effort to create the impression that the Burnett bill would exclude such political reformers as Carl Schurz, General Garibaldi, and Louis Kossuth, but is there anything in the text to justify that contention? Is it not rather a contention that presumes upon the confidence of those who have not read the bill?

Mr. Gompers quotes the language of the bill, which allows any foreigner to come into this country, if he can read *any* language. Of course Carl Schurz, Gen. Garibaldi, Kosciusko, Count Pulaski. Baron DeKalb, Von Steuben, LaFayette, Rochambeau, &c., could read their own language. It is mainly the paupers of Roman Catholic countries, *where the Italian pope will not allow the common people to be taught*, that the Burnett bill would have excluded.

Mr. Gompers proceeds—

Much of the opposition to the Burnett immigration bill has come from sources that are not disinterested. There came into our hands information concerning the relations and methods of the National Liberal Immigration League, which has been most active in opposing all measures to restrict immigration. This information was transmitted to the Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration. That information, which was published in the Weekly News Letter of the American Federation of Labor and made part of the Congressional Record, showed the following:

The trusts furnish money to the National Liberal Immigration League to finance campaigns against immigration legislation. The League is in league with the National Association of Manufacturers.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company was notified by cablegram that the league owed $7,000, and was liable to be sued and forced into bankruptcy. The French steamship company was urged to aid in financing "a tremendous agitation" against immigration legislation. Steamship companies campaigned for the appointment of Charles Nagel as Secretary of Commerce and Labor under President Taft. Nagel was referred to as one "not likely to favor legislation restricting immigration." A Hamburg-American Steamship official told an associate that "a num-

ber of delegations composed of members of various nationalities" were sent to Washington to oppose immigration legislation. He said: "The delegates were not really chosen by bodies of their own nationality." It is stated that the campaign includes "visiting the societies of various nationalities, as Italians, Hebrews, Hungarians, etc., including the unions, for the purpose of advocating liberal immigration."

"We have to send appeals and communications to some 15,000 influential persons, most of them clergymen," said the steamship official.

The National Liberal Immigration League, in another appeal for financial aid, told the trusts it is making possible "the influx of alien unskilled labor," and if contributions are not received, "we will not be able to keep up our work." The documents show that the steamship companies contributed $15,000, and that the coal barons and the steel corporations gave large sums of money to the National Liberal Immigration League to conduct the agitation against immigration legislation.

Mr. Gompers is, I think, a Roman Catholic; and the one feature he omitted was, the pressure on Presidents Taft and Wilson, by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop John Ireland, and other "Princes" of the foreign church.

In using the Jesuit, Tumulty, in the White House, these satellites of the Italian hierarchy exerted a leverage which was greater than that of the overwhelming majority of Senators and Representatives of the American people.

In no other civilized land, is there an opportunity for the Italian pope to nullify the will of the people, as expressed in the legislative branch of the government.

He cannot do so in Great Britain where the voice of Parliament is the law of the realm. He cannot do it in France, nor in Germany, nor in Austria, nor in Spain, nor in Portugal. He cannot do it in Italy, where he lives.

But in these United States, THE OPPOSITION OF THE ITALIAN POPE HAS TWICE KILLED A LAW, which our Congress passed, by overwhelming majorities.

Senator D. U. Fletcher, of Florida, is a lucky dog. His being an ex-Populist did not prevent his becoming most popular with those corporations which buy seats in the Senate for such men as William Lorimer. Fletcher's Populist record has been as completely ignored as the Populist record of Jim Ham Lewis, the Senator from Illinois. Fletcher's influence with Tumulty and Woodrow Wilson is so great that he not only secured a written testimonial during his recent race for re-election, but obtained a Presidential pardon for his son-in-law, whose conviction for criminal mal-practice on women was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

In a recent harangue made in the pope's town of Washington, Senator Fletcher said—

What is today called the free press was born with the birth of this nation, and this free press has become a tyrant, fearless and unrestrained. * * * These fellows should have been stopped right then. Such an institution as this so-called free press never should have been allowed.

The newspapers today are tyrannical molders of public opinion, and have inspired in public men a fear of the press that is but a species of cowardice. That is why public men fear to attack the press. (Senator Fletcher urged his auditors to "take up arms against the tyrant press," but did not advocate any specific plan for muzzling the news columns.)

Since the earliest days of this nation the free press has grown worse and worse, and if some brake is not applied, if some stopping point is not raised, it will continue to grow worse and worse past the point of forbearance. The very people about whom the chains of this free press are bound are the people who kiss those chains like the lowest and meanest slave.

If little Dunc had acted the honest man, in Washington City, he would find no fault with the papers. No man living has ever been assailed oftener, more savagely, and more lyingly, than

I have been, yet I have never for a moment thought that a gagged press would not be infinitely worse than a free press.

After all, newspaper falsehoods did not kill me, nor did they rob me of that which I would rather have than wear the crown the Bourbons lost, to wit, the trusting affection of the common people. In their honest hearts, I have always had, and always will have, an empire where love rules supreme, and where no political trickster, or slanderer can ever shake my throne. It is mine, because I won it by hard work and unselfish service.

Of course, Dunc Fletcher is different. He deserted the people, sold himself to the Big Rich, and in the livery of the Trusts, he is a renegade whom all honest men despise. No matter how long he remains in the Senate, and no matter how rich his masters may make him, he will go the way of the Baileys, the Gormans, the Aldriches, the Depews, the Lorimers, the Foraker, and the Penroses.

The day will surely come when he will do what they no doubt have done—mourn the time when he was poor, and faithful, and honest.

It will not add to Fletcher's happiness to learn that the only papers that are endorsing his infamous speech are those edited by men who are the foot-kissing flunkeys of a foreign potentate, the Italian pope.

I beg once more to remind our readers of the magnificent arguments in favor of freedom of the press found in the prose works of John Milton, and the court-house speeches of Thomas Erskine, and Sir James Macintosh. I beg once more to quote the famous burst of eloquence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in the British Parliament. Lord Brougham, the great liberal reformer, said that these few sentences with which Sheridan *thrilled the House*, in 1810, were worth more perhaps than all his lengthy speeches on other subjects. They were:

"Give them a corrupt House of Lords, give them a venal House of Commons, give them a tyrannical Prince, give them a truckling Court, and let me have but *an unfettered Press*, I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

Noble words! Immortal words! Truthful words! Let every man, woman and child commit them to memory, for they are the soldiers that guard American rights.

There is a foreign foe at our gates, and that foe is confidently expecting the spies within to unlock the portals. Those domestic traitors are the voracious Trusts, the Roman Catholic priesthood, such secret traitors as the Knights of Columbus, the Hibernians, the German Central Verein, the politicians who sell you out for office, and just such turncoats and renegades as Duncan Fletcher.

The following letter explains itself, and is well worth careful consideration:

> Kindly publish a long article in your valuable Magazine in reference to the Proviso of Sec. 3 of the Telegraph Act approved July 24, 1866 by Congress: "Provided, however, That the United States may at any time after the expiration of five years from the date of the passage of this act, for postal, military, or other purposes, purchase all the telegraph lines, property and effects of any or all of said companies at an appraised value to be ascertained by five competent, disinterested persons, two of whom shall be selected by the Postmaster General of the United States, two by the company interested, and one by the four so previously selected."
>
> Does this not mean that the Postmaster General has the power to go ahead without further consulting Congress except in the event of a necessary appropriation?

I was not aware of this law, and am glad to lay it before our readers. Its meaning seems plain enough. The Gov-

ernment has the power, at any time, to appraise telegraph lines, in the manner prescribed, and to take them over, upon payment of the assessed valuation. No other act of Congress is necessary.

This Democratic Administration went into office pledged to adopt a system of Rural Credits, by which the farmers could borrow money at a low rate of interest, and on a long term of years. The agricultural class of practically every civilized nation enjoy the advantages of such a system.

When the European war broke out, and the cotton market was temporarily destroyed, the growers of the staple were in a peculiarly distressing condition, because the crop had been the costliest they had ever made, and all their debts were falling due. Consequently, there was especial need and urgency for the redemption of the pledges on which the Democrats had won the farmer vote.

But the President—who seems to be absolutely cold-hearted as to popular suffering—set his face against any legislation looking to the relief of the cotton grower. Using the club of patronage as he has constantly done, he whipped into submission such Congressmen as had been inclined to make a fight for Rural Credits.

The proposition that the Government buy a part of the cotton at ten cents a pound, and thus buttress the market, was contemptuously rejected by the unsympathetic Wilson, and the equally cold advisers, who seem to control him.

But see what he did for the Big Rich speculators of New York, St. Louis, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Atlanta. He caused more than $300,000,000 of new paper money to be hastily made, and loaned through the national banks at three per cent interest.

Thus the Government which had coldly refused to lend the farmer money to hold his cotton with, loaned it to the speculator, to buy it with, *while it was down at six cents.*

After the speculator bought the cotton at six cents, the Government then virtually guaranteed the title by insuring it; and when it gets lost on passage to the foreign market, *where it sells for twenty-two cents a pound*, the Government pays the speculator for it.

In other words, the practical effect of the Government's policy toward the cotton grower has been, to force him to sell it at a ruinous loss, and then to protect the profits of the speculators who bought it.

And the Government not only forced the farmer to sell his cotton at six cents, but furnished the speculator with cheap money to buy it, after which the Government shouldered the risk of landing the cotton in Europe, where it has brought as high as 24 cents a pound.

As a policy of governmental favoritism *to gamblers*, and of cruel discrimination against *legitimate producers*, I do not know of any episode equalling the perfidy and the injustice of this.

Messrs. Wilson, Bryan and McAdoo will hear from it next year, when they again beg for farmer votes.

So marvelous have been the profits made by the gamblers off the favoritism of the Government, that more cotton was shipped abroad during February, 1915, *than during any month of the last season.*

The total of bales for that one month was 1,544,512. Surely this fact will astound many of our readers, who had been led to believe that almost no cotton was being shipped to Europe.

Let us say that this million and a half of bales were bought at an average of seven cents. The price to the farmer was probably not more than six cents, but let it go at seven cents. Then we will say that the 1,544,512 bales cost the gamblers the sum of $35 a bale, or a total of $54,057,920.

The European price has ranged right

along from 18½ to 24 cents. Let us put the average at 20 cents. Then the speculator got $100 a bale, or a total of $154,451,000 *on one month's business.*

During February, therefore, the Government's throw-down of the farmer, and its helping hand to the gambler, *was worth one hundred million dollars to the gamblers.*

When you think of the men and women, and children, who had to toil and moil, ten months in the year—harassed half to death by worries and privations—while this cotton was being made in the fields—fields that were sometimes cold, sometimes wet, sometimes burning with heat, and often causing long weeks of pneumonia and fever—and then think of the Government siding with the silk-hat gamblers, who got all the profits, leaving the producer all the loss, it is enough to make one's heart fill with bitterness against the men in power who so cruelly deceive and wrong the common people.

The entire amount of cotton sent to Europe, thus far in the season, has been upwards of 5,000,000 bales; and it is practically certain that by the time the season closes, there will have been *greater exports of cotton than ever before.*

What is the secret? The secret is that not only is cotton now needed in Europe for all the ordinary purposes, but enormous quantities of it are necessary to the manufacture of the smokeless powder that is being used in this war.

It has been said that every discharge of one of the big guns on one of the great ships or forts, *requires a bale of cotton.*

In other words, that much cotton is used in making the powder for a single shot from the monster gun.

Therefore, the war has put up the price of cotton, and will keep it up; but the Government took such measures, that the farmers were robbed of the benefits, and the speculators got them.

Will you try to remember this, when the Congressmen and Senators who treated you this way, again demand that you vote the Democratic ticket?

For hundreds of years, the Italian popes have been drawing immense

A "BELGIAN" HERE AT HOME. IS GILT-EDGED PHILANTHROPY CONCERNED ABOUT HER?

sums of money from Belgium. The total would probably stagger human comprehension. But at this time, when Cardinal Mercier has agitated the universe because he was slightly disturbed in "my palace," and when the pope has

been more concerned about the alleged German indignity put upon Cardinal Mercier in "my palace," not a single coin from the pope's full coffers has gone to the relief of the Catholics of Belgium.

The popes most rigidly practice the reverse of the doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The popes take every gift, from every donor, from the washtub up to the throne, but the popes never give back anything, either to washerwomen or to occupants of thrones. The papal treasury resembles the other world, in that it is a bourne from which no traveler (at least ducats) ever returns. It is a Dead Sea, into which Jordan and other golden tributaries may empty perennial streams, but nobody ever saw any outlet. The pope's web is a vast and cunningly woven spider-work, and when once a human fly gets enmeshed, that's the last of him.

The Catholics of Philadelphia have recently sent the impoverished Papa the sum of $21,000, and in the meantime the Romanists are making back the money by grinding the faces of the American poor, and by slave-driving thousands of Protestant boys and girls in those hell-holes which they sanctimoniously dub "Houses of the Good Shepherd."

The Catholics of Washington City are raising three million dollars to build a "shrine" in that godly town—the town where the little Protestant girl, Florence Cleland, was virtually murdered because of her faith. The Romanists had kidnapped and imprisoned that little girl, and she was made so desperate by her captivity and her brutal treatment, that she risked and lost her life in the endeavor to safely leap from a third-story window.

HOME OF SOME SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN "BELGIANS."
WILL YOU GIVE THEM FARMS?

For a time, the Protestants demanded an investigation, but "Monsignor" William Russell, and other Washington priests roared so indignantly against it, that the Protestants, as usual, backed down.

I am going to make a prediction:

The Protestants of this country are not going to do much more backing down.

For many years, the Romanists of this country have been persecuting outspoken Protestants by illegally boycotting their legitimate business. In their newspapers, they have boasted of the success with which they boycotted Protestants. Even so great a paper as *The Washington Post* was threatened with ruin, because of a headline which alluded to little Florence Cleland as a martyr to her faith. The insolent "Monsignor" William Russell, who is bound to the Italian pope by an act of treason, preached against the *Post*, and hand-bills were scattered at the Catholic Church doors, urging a boycott of the paper that had dared to tell the truth about the virtual murder by the Catholics of that Protestant girl. To illegally hold her in jail and force her to kill herself in the wild effort to escape, *was* murder, in the sight of God.

Florence Cleland *was* a martyr to her faith.

But because the *Post* said so, this insolent traitor, Russell, *inaugurated a crusade to kill the paper*, and I am ashamed to say the paper backed down.

They have been doing this kind of thing for years. They have compelled the discharge and the ruin of honest employees, whose only offense was that the Romanists accused them of unfriendliness.

Let us turn and fight.

Let us start with that scoundrel, P. H. Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky, who has put himself at the head of a papal Inquisition, whose purpose is to put an end to freedom of speech, and of press.

MORE AMERICAN "BELGIANS."

These are the bulwarks of our liberties, and we cannot afford to trifle for a moment with any gang of traitors who start out to rob us of them.

P. H. Callahan is the President and principal owner of the Louisville Paint and Varnish Company.

Let us boycott Callahan awhile, and teach him how a boycott feels.

Let us not only refuse to use Callahan's paint and varnish, but let us refuse to patronize any firm which handles his stuff.

A Roman Catholic of this land of liberty, who sets himself up to combat free American citizens that exercise free speech and free press, has got no right to expect the good will and the patronage of Protestants.

Let him sell his stuff to papists. Let him look to the Knights of Columbus for his profits.

In every city these Knights of Columbus and Hibernians ought to be spotted, and no non-Catholic should have any dealings with them. No Protestant ought to deal with any firm which has a K. of C. member, or a Hibernian member; and no Protestant ought to trade with any town store, or country store, that deals with a city firm which has one of these persecuting papists in it.

This everlasting abuse and prosecution, mobbing, slandering, AND MURDERING OF PROTESTANTS MUST STOP.

If these crazy priests do not quit preaching boycott, persecution, and murder, they will reap the whirlwind—AND VERY SOON.

Rev. J. F. Noll says, in his *Sunday Visitor*:

> Compare the peaceful mission of the K. of C. Commission with the anarchistic preachments of Judge Killets, of Toledo, who was a loud "Guardian of Liberty" advocate during the campaign a year ago.

Yes, let us make the comparison, by all means. "The peaceful Mission of the Knights of Columbus," has thus far resulted in the brutal mobbing of the Rev. Augustus Barnett, the riotous sacking of the Baptist Church at Carbondale, the burning of the Gospel-tent of Rev. W. H. Boles, the rotten-egging of Rev. L. J. King, the murderous demonstrations against ex-priests Crowley, Slattery and Seguin, the kidnapping and near-assassination of Rev. Otis L. Spurgeon, and the deliberate, cowardly, satanic murder of William Black.

The peaceful mission of the K. of C. goes sweetly on, in the criminal prosecution of J. E. Hosmer, Anna Lowry, W. L. Brandon, and the editor of the *American Citizen*—not to mention the mean and malicious boycott of Watson's Magazine for the last five years, and the continuous criminal prosecution of Watson himself, for the last two years.

Rev. John Noll may feel perfectly easy; we will not fail to study the peaceful mission of the Knights of Columbus.

And there is another thing the Rev. John Noll may feel perfectly sure of:

If these fourth degree K. of C. *traitors*, do not cease to parade our streets with their rifles, *and cease to persecute Americans for not being papists, WE ARE GOING TO RETALIATE!*

We can destroy their business, quite as easily as they can destroy ours. We can use our rifles, quite as easily as they can use theirs. We can take care of ourselves, in any test of strength, quite as easily as they can.

This K. of C. criminality has reached the stage of murder, AND IT MUST STOP!

Let these Louisville, and New York, and New Jersey, and Illinois K. of C. remember, that *the native Americans are in control of the South;* and if this popish persecution goes a bit further, *we mean to fight back*, and to make the Catholics here in our midst feel it.

We don't care a button about their free exercise of their religion, but there are some things they must do—*and quickly*:

They must quit imprisoning our women and children; they must quit filching our public-school funds; *they must quit enforcing that infamous foreign law against our legal marriages;* they must quit talking about our wives as "the women we are living with;" they must quit trying to embroil us with foreign nations; they must quit

trying to control our politics, our public men, and our newspapers; *and they must quit trying to overturn the basic principles of our Government.*

In no other way, and on no other terms, can we continue to dwell together in peace; and they may just as well understand it.

They are demandng from us what their ancestors promised never to ask; and we will fight until we die, before those foreign and ruinous demands shall be granted.

We are not going to allow the Italian pope to rule this land; and the sooner the priests, and the K. of C. realize that we mean it, and are ready to die by it, the sooner will come the restoration of the harmonious relations which always existed *before they started this jackass campaign to "make America Catholic."*

They can't make this people grovel at the feet of an Italian priest, kiss his foot, and obey his law.

NEVER IN GOD'S WORLD!

The flagrant abuse by papal agents of the Congressional privilege of sending mail without paying postage, will add enormously to the annual expenses of the P. O. Department. It will probably cost the Protestant tax-payers one hundred thousand dollars to distribute the papal literature of James Gallivan, the Massachusetts Knight of Columbus, and of William Kettner, the alleged Mason of California.

Of course, Cornelius Ford, the Knight of Columbus, who is the U. S. Public Printer, and who parades around Washington City in a $4,000 automobile, at the expense of non-Catholic taxpayers, is lending himself joyfully to this illegal use of the mails.

William Kettner is flooding the country with envelopes upon whose borders Cornelius Ford has printed the words, "Los Angeles Investigation," and the envelope is stencilled with the name, "William Kettner, M. C." The stencilled name of this alleged Mason, carries his cart-loads of Los Angeles Investigations through the mails, free of charge.

There has been no "Los Angeles Investigation." That stuff has no business going through the mails, as a part of the proceedings of Congress

The valuable privilege of using the mails without the payment of postage was given to Congressmen to aid them in transacting official business, and in conducting official correspondence. But Gallivan and Kettner are using it for a purpose that is purely papal; and with the intent of removing American "prejudice" from *a foreign system which our ancestors suffered from, and fled from, when these colonies were planted.*

The alleged Los Angeles Investigation is nothing more than the flim-flam frame-up between some local business men who claim to be Freemasons, and some local business men who *are* the Italian pope's devoted subjects. In this flim-flam frame-up, the local Knights of Columbus pretended to show to the Masons the very papers *which they swear to keep secret;* and, of course, the papers which were exhibited proved the K. of C. to be a virtuously patriotic league, entirely incapable of mobbing Protestant lecturers, incapable of publicly assaulting a Methodist preacher on the streets of Jacksonville, incapable of driving a Baptist congregation out of a Baptist church, incapable of kidnapping and murderously beating Rev. Otis L. Spurgeon, incapable of assassinating William Black for the high crime of free speech, and incapable of starting a crusade to destroy the freedom of the American press.

In short, the papers which the Los Angeles K. of C. showed those alleged Masons, bore a family likeness to the legitimate documents with which the pirates of the sea were always pre-

pared to exhibit to a man-of-war, when the pirate was caught in a close place, and had to resort to subterfuge.

Every pirate was provided with a forged "manifest," which proved that the vessel was a harmless trader, peacefully endeavoring to earn an honest livelihood, in the sweat of its face. Sometimes, this virtuous "manifest" deceived the captain of the man-of-war, and the pirate was let go its way.

At other times, the "manifest" did *not* deceive the Captain, and he strung up the pirate-crew, at his yard-arm.

I commend this historic allusion to the prayerful attention of Masonic captains, who have been tearfully implored to inspect the K. of C. "manifest," and to let the pirates sail on.

But as a stimulant to Masonic investigations and reflections, I beg to remind them that the fundamental and unchangeable *law of this foreign Roman Church* holds all Freemasons to be in the same category as atheists, heretics, anarchists, and other vile malefactors *who may be lawfully killed by Roman Catholics.*

I beg to remind them that it has not been three months since the insolent traitor, Cardinal O'Connell, was accusing the Masons of every imaginable crime in Mexico, including the murder of priests and the violation of nuns.

I beg to again remind the Free-Masons that it has not been but five years, since the leading newspaper of Roman Catholicism in America—*The New World*, the organ of Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago—was denouncing *Free-masonry as "the open door to damnation."*

This Mr. William Kettner claims to be a 33rd degree Mason. If so, Archbishop Quigley's paper organ, *The New World*, charges him with being totally ignorant of the awful secrets and crimes of the degrees higher up. According to Quigley's organ, *none of those Los Angeles Free-Masons know the real nature of Freemasonry.*

The fact that the K. of C. crowd went to Masons of lower degrees than the 40th, is extremely significant, in view of what Archbishop Quigley's organ says about the upper-degrees of Masonry.

According to Quigley's organ these higher degree Freemasons hold that

"There is no God.

There is no moral law.

The Christian religion is a superstition.

The Supreme Being whom we love and worship is Lucifer.

Therefore, Freemasonry will never cease its war upon Christ and his religion."

Let those Los Angeles Masons, including this sapient ass, William Kettner, look up a file of *The New World*, and read what the Romanists said about the Masons, on March 26, 1910!

Strange to say, Quigley's organ makes no charges against the 33rd degree Freemasons, nor any of those below; and all of the Masons to whom the K. of C. pretend to show *their* secret papers are members of these degrees *which the Romanists do not attack.*

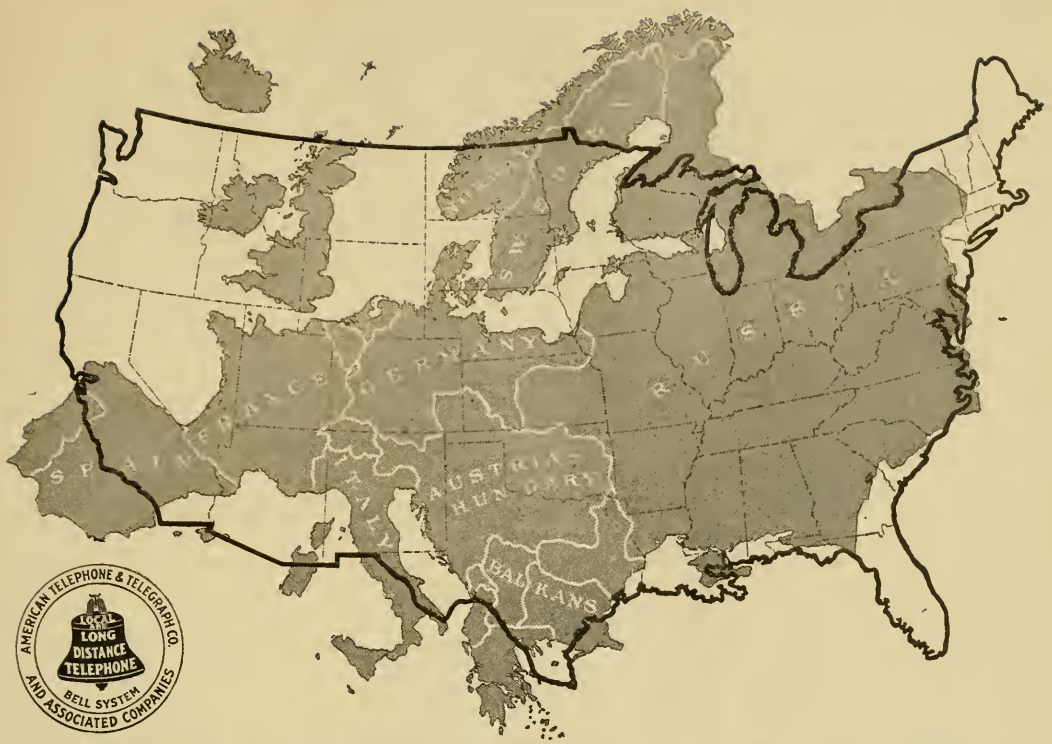
The attack is on the higher degrees, concerning which this leading popish organ says—

"No man can pass muster for these highest honors of Freemasonry if he retains a vestige of reverence for or faith in God, or religion, or who possesses a remnant or even a rag of that divine thing called conscience."

After making this terrible accusation, the Archbishop's organ goes on to revamp the old charge, that the Masons murdered Morgan.

The Archbishop's organ says—

"The brethren of the 33rd inferior degrees are truly dummies and dupes of the perjured creature *enthroned in the Black Lodge, SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS. The murder of Mor-*



The Agency of a United People

A striking comparison between a homogeneous country and a heterogeneous group of countries is obtained by placing over the map of the United States the map of Europe. These represent the same area —about 3,000,000 square miles—if a few of the remote provinces of Russia are omitted.

Europe has the advantage in population, with more than four times as many people as the United States; in the number of large cities, with two and a half times as many cities of over 100,000 population.

Yet the United States, a comparatively young country, has outstripped Europe in the diffusion of civilization, because of its wonderfully greater means of communication between all parts of its area. The United States not only excels in transportation facilities, but it has nearly three times as many telephones as Europe, or about eleven times as many in relation to population.

By the completion of the Transcontinental Line we now talk from one end of this country to the other, while in Europe the longest conversation is no farther than from New York to Atlanta. and even that depends on the imperfect co-operation of unrelated systems.

Europe, with twenty-five countries and many different languages, serves as an illuminating contrast to the United States, with one language and a homogeneous people, despite the fact that our population has been derived from all parts of the world.

During the last forty years the steadily extending lines of the Bell System have contributed in no small measure to this amalgamating of different races. The latest achievement—the linking of coast to coast—has given greater force to the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

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Remember, Dear

Earl Evans

(Dedicated to Nana Johnson Evans.)

If you should ever seek me, Love,
In some dear, trysting spot—
If you should ever wander there and look, and find me not,
Remember, Dear,
That I'm the vine that bears for you
the brightest bloom;
That I'm the star that dares for you
To stay the gloom;
That I'm the sky that bends to you,
The fragrance meadows send to you,
The laughter-light joy lends to you—
Remember, Dear.

If you should ever call me, Love,
Across the distant blue—
If you should ever call, and I should fail to answer you,
Remember, Dear,
That I'm the bird that sings to you
His softest strain;
That I'm the dream that brings to you
Your love again;
That I'm the wind that sighs for you,
The voice of Spring that cries for you,
The Autumn leaf that dies for you—
Remember, Dear.

---

gan was ordered by the Grand Master of the Masonic craft."

So charges *The New World*, the organ of *the insolent prelate who first threatened us with the rifles of the military secret societies which we have most foolishly allowed a foreign potentate to organize in this country.*

That insolent Roman prelate is Archbishop James Quigley, of Chicago.

The fearful arraignment of the upper-degree Masons, which appeared in *The New World*, ends thus—

"In view of the facts, how can any one doubt that the influence of the Masonic craft is a baneful thing, destructive of human freedom and manhood, antagonistic to good citizenship and morality, and at war with the religion of Jesus Christ."

I respectfully commend the article in Quigley's paper to the thoughtful consideration of those exceedingly credulous Los Angeles Masons, to wit:

Motley Hewes Flint,
Dana Reid Weller,
Wm. Rhodes Hervey, and
Samuel E. Burke.

Of course, it isn't worth while to recommend *anything* to the attention of a bewildering ass, such as Congressman William Kettner.

May I again ask the Roman Catholics this plain, practical question:

Why should American women, who want to devote themselves to religion, be locked up for life in dungeons, whose doors are open only to white priests and black priests *that are young and robust, but not allowed to marry?*

SUDAN GRASS, THE NEW HAY CROP. Yields four tons per acre. Four times as great as millet. Three to four cuttings each season. One and one-half pounds plant an acre. Seed, 30c per pound, postpaid. A. J. FLORIDA, ROTAN, TEXAS,

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